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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Tenth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ANNE, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND is the Widow of his Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, deceased, brother of our most gracious Sovereign, his present Majesty.

The Duke of Cumberland was the third son of Frederick Lewis, late Prince of Wales, born Nov. 7, 1745, created Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. Oct. 18, 1766, and was married to her Royal Highness the present Duchess of Cumberland, October 2, 1777. His Royal Highness died without issue, Sept. 18, 1790.

Her Royal Highness was the eldest daughter of the late Simon, Earl of Carhampton, and was married first to Christopher Horton, Esq, of Catton Hall, in Derbyshire, and, upon his decease, to the Duke of Cumberland. The following account of the family of Luttrell is extracted from the Peerage of Ireland.

Henry Lawes Luttrell, Earl Carhampton, Viscount Carhampton, of Castlehaven, Baron Irnham, of Luttrelstown, Governor of Dublin, and a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 6th regiment of Dragoon Guards. Born August 7, 1743. Succeeded his father, Simon, the late Earl, January 14, 1787. Married, June 25, 1776, Jane, daughter of George Boyd, Esq.

Geoffry Luttrell, eighth Baron of Irnham, leaving no issue male, 6th Henry V. the barony descended to the heirs female; but from Sir John Luttrell, younger son of the fourth Baron, and proprietor of the isle of Lundy, descended Sir Hugh Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, who had issue Sir John, ancestor of the Luttrells of

Dunster Castle; and Robert, to whom he left the castle and estate of Luttrelstown, in Ireland, (which his ancestor Sir Gregory Luttrell had obtained by the grant of King John, on attending him to Ireland), and from him, in the ninth degree, descended Henry Luttrell, Esq. of Luttrelstown, who married Oct. 1704, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Jones, Esq. of Halkin, in Flintshire, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Simon Clarke, of Warwickshire, Bart. and had issue by her two sons, Robert, who died on his travels; and Simon, the late Earl of Carhamptom, born in 1713, died January, 1787, who was created Baron Irnham, of Luttrelstown, September 28, 1768; Viscount Carhampton, of Castlehaven, December 12, 1780; and advanced to the dignity of an Earl on July 1, 1785. His Lordship married Maria, only daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Lawes, by whom he had issue, Henry Lawes, the present Earl—Temple Simon, (died February 14, 1803) having married, April 27, 1778, Miss Gould, daughter of the late Sir Henry Gould, judge of the Common Pleas, and died May 21, 1803—John, a Captain in the Navy, married Elizabeth Olmius, sister of the late Lord Waltham, on whose death she became sole heiress to the estate; his Lordship dying without issue, December 10, 1786; and Mr. Luttrell, by his Majesty's permission, April 3, 1787, took the name and arms of Olmius, and his Lady died June 14, 1797, having had issue a daughter—James, a Captain in the Navy, died unmarried December 23, 1788—Thomas, who died in 1766—Anne, married, first, to Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, in Derbyshire, Esq. and secondly, on October 2, 1771, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, brother to his Majesty, by whom she was left his widow, (without issue by either marriage) September 18, 1790—Elizabeth, died August, 1799—Lucy, married to Captain Moriarty, of the navy.

Heir Presumptive—John Olmius, brother to the Earl.

Creations—Baron, October 13, 1768; Viscount, January 9, 1801; Earl, June 23, 1785.

After the demise of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, her Grace made a tour abroad, and travelled through most parts of Italy and German. She was received in all the foreign Courts in a manner suited to her rank, and remained several years abroad. Upon her return to England, in the year 1799, her Royal Highness fixed her residence at Kensington, where she lived in a manner extremely private and secluded. She did not remain long, however, in this situation, and, upon the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, she again made another tour to the Continent, and is now resident in Germany.

Her Royal Highness is of a most liberal disposition, open, engaging, and affable. She is finely accomplished, and very partial to the arts. In her youth, she was extremely fascinating in her person, and has still the remains of a fine face. She keeps up very little of what is called State, and lives abroad in a manner unostentatious and unobtrusive.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON MEDIOCRITY.

AUREA Mediocritas,—the Golden Mean. Thus thought and expressed himself, between Mecenas and Virgil, a man laden with the favours of the muses and of fortune, the most voluptuous of epicureans, and the first of philosophical poets.

Strengthened by such important authority, I undertake the eulogy of mediocrity; it is more suitable to the present age than to that of Augustus, and I shall have the advantage over Horace of thus indirectly praising my contemporaries.

I should doubtless wound their feelings if, boasting of perfections which they do not possess, I were to celebrate the gifts of genius, and the prodigies of ancient virtue; but as there have never been so many middling people as in the present time, the moment which I chuse, and the subject I treat, equally ensure success.

If it should happen that an ill understood self-love, or an excessive modesty might engage some people to refuse the distinction they deserve, that they might believe they appeared above mediocrity by disdaining it, and that they might persuade themselves that a testimony of contempt would be a title to exemption, I would warn those who have no other proof, that this is at least a very equivocal one; because it is demonstrated that the defects which we most outrageously condemn, are not those which we least love, and that we affect to diffuse morality in our discourse, that we may dispense with it in our practice.

This opinion is of such weight with some observers, that they do not hesitate to enjoin us to abstain from all affairs of interest with people who are continually talking about probity; they likewise profess this other maxim,—do not expect any commiseration from those men who habitually extol benevolence.

With the detractors of mediocrity, I agree that it is insufferable in arts and in letters; that music without expression, a picture without truth, a tragedy without interest, are detestable; that when an author is feeble, he is loathsome; that when he does not possess the secret of pleasing, he certainly does that of wearying; that there is no gradation from middling to bad; that memory, method, and correctness are not equivalent to genius, of which nothing can supply the want; that the poet, the painter, and the musician must be animated with divine fire; that they must have been separated from the common order of nature, and that she must have endued them with as much sensibility as energy.

It is not then to those who aspire to charm the mind, to affect the heart, to master the soul, that I wish mediocrity; but is it then so difficult for a man without genius, to abstain from running after rhymes? Should not he who is deprived of a superior talent, renounce combining sounds from which can only result vain noise? Has repose then no charms? and should he not rather congratulate himself on that happy inability which saves him from numberless disgusts, from grievous watchings, and the labour of intense study, from those troubles which besiege the laborious artist, and which so often cause him to bedew with tears that production which is to form our delight?

No imagination solicits you; no powerful god spurs you on, your blood runs cool; do not inflame it with strong liquors; the fictitious heat you would feel, would not be communicated to any one else, and would soon be succeeded by mortal lethargy.

Content yourself with enjoying the sublime compositions of those privileged mortals on whom nature has accumulated her treasures. If you are too inferior to them to feel transported, they will still amuse you, and you will be, if not as illustrious, at least more fortunate than they.

There is something yet more tempting and extraordinary,—you shall be their judge. Unable yourself to write the most feeble phrase of their works, you will nevertheless be despotic in your decisions, and the object of them would be as blameable in excepting against them as he may be puerile enough to fear them, and weak enough to be uneasy about them.

You may also cultivate the sciences; mediocrity in them is not absolutely despicable. A learned man who does not exactly say every thing one might wish to know about a matter, generally makes us know something of it: moreover the works of a learned man are so little read, unless he illustrates himself by *pocket dictionaries*, or by *ana*, that nobody cares whether his erudition be superficial or profound, his own word is taken, and he is respected accordingly.

Will you do still better? Be neither amateur nor judge, scholar nor patron; be a plain simple man; yield without reserve to that mediocrity for which you are so manifestly born; do not thwart its gentle influence, let it penetrate into the heart, into the head, into all the faculties of the body, into those of the soul, and I would add, into thy fortune, did I not dread flying in the face of the present age, which might with appearance of reason reproach me for not knowing the existing manners, the motives which decide opinions, the proofs which verify merit, and which would accuse me of being an inept philosopher, who, possessing more judgment than income, knows better how to descant on moderation and on wisdom, than he knows how to estimate the power of money.

I believe the age is right; being fully convinced that a satire against riches will not abate the rage for acquiring them; and besides, perceiving that they are almost always in the hands of people who are beneath mediocrity, I shall not prescribe any thing on that article. I shall merely affirm that there is no happiness but in the middle station, and that the father who is not in it, will ardently desire his son may, because experience has taught him that he may thus escape many evils, and thus obtain the only good to which we are permitted to pretend.

Observe this son, whom you may easily fancy to yourself; his figure neither attracts nor repels; his eyes are open enough, and his looks have no expression; he has regular features without any physiognomy; a smile is on his lips which indicates neither joy nor malignancy, it simply announces the absence of troubles; his stature, which wants elegance, offers no deformity; his gait is not agile, it is firm; his outward appearance attracts no notice; his complexion is settled, his constitution robust; contradiction does not grate his nerves, nor does chagrin interrupt his sleep; nothing impedes his digestion; his calm mind never gives birth to tormenting projects; his limited reason does not require him to account for what he cannot understand; he will establish no system, because he wants invention; not having pride enough to be indignant against prejudices, he will submit to them without a murmur, and his stupidity will render any profession supportable. Without idolatry for truth and without passion for virtue, he will not sacrifice to them either his time or his fortune.

If it be true, as a philosopher has so cruelly said, that "Love is only true as to the physical part" the man in question, who will never know its moral part, will have no reason to complain of it; the storms that arise between lovers, will never approach him; the frenzy of desire will not tyrannize over him; he will never even be able to suspect that it is possible to place one's happiness in that of any other object whatever, one's sorrows in extraneous sorrows, one's life in another's life, and that we may have the faculty, so often fatal, of doubling our existences; he will form such connexions as exact only complaisance; will not cultivate a friendship which requires warmth of heart; he will not excite hatred, which only pursues great talents and rare virtues; he will estimate himself as he estimates all who surround him without examination, without preference, and without jealousy. The gates of the palace of Fortune, generally open to cringing mediocrity, will not be shut against him, as it is well known he will never attempt to obtain the first places; being in no exalted situation he will easily make himself patrons; he will not shake the fate of empires, but his own condition will be tranquil; he will fulfil his duties so as to avoid censure and not to merit praise, and he will die without being missed or lamented.

All I could add would only be a useless comment on the following admirable words, which contain every thing necessary to be known and practised in order to be happy,—*Facere officium taliter qualiter, sinere ire tempus ut vult ire, et semper bene dicere de Domino Priori.* These are the precepts of a philosopher, of the illustrious friend of the great Pantagruel, who had been a captive, in love, and a sharper; who drank plentifully, gave old women in marriage, with their heads in a bag to conceal their faces, caressed young ones, obtained pardons, understood fourteen languages; and had sixty-three ways of gaining money, but two hundred and fourteen of spending it, besides his drinking.

How can one deny such grave authority? what can one oppose to such maxims? how can those middling people for whom they were dictated resolve to swerve from them? by what strange madness do petty intriguers, frigid writers, and stupidly malignant critics, want to be thought eminent personages? why do they seek to cabal, to intermeddle, to blacken? why do they attempt to decide? why do they abandon a commodious situation to seize on another in which they are importunate, ridiculous, and unhappy? why will they distress society with that same mediocrity which was the pledge of obscurity and peace?

But are all the beauties of the Latin passage I have quoted well understood? are we penetrated with its excellence? can a whole volume of any moralist be opposed to it, more fertile in useful consequences? do we not perceive that every word is so full of sense, that without one more or one less, it forms the most complete plan of education?

To do one's duty so so (*tellement quellement*). You are at first a little surprised at this counsel,

but the longer we meditate on it the more we admire its wisdom, the more we love its simplicity. If you do it too badly you will be punished, if you do it too well you will be persecuted; there is only the *taliter qualiter* which is exempt from every inconvenience; it is the just point beyond which, on either side, there is nothing but danger. Felicitate yourself then, that the only safe position which could have been pointed out to you should be the easiest to take and to keep.

To let time go as it will go.—This is one of those axioms which, as Bacon has said, were formed from experience; that of all ages has taught us that to live rich, applauded and contented, we must not attack the unjust man, turn against the oppressor, nor ridicule folly; and that were it in our power to confound the impostor, to defend innocence, and to turn the tyrant pale, we should reject such hazardous projects, because it will always be infinitely more safe and easy to let the world go as it will, or to take things as you find them.

However sublime this precept may be, I must own it was not sufficient, it was only negative: and therefore our author has added another more firm, more decisive, and which must at the long run vanquish all resistance, that is,—to speak always well of Mr. Prior.

The artifice and the depth of the grand word *always* cannot escape you. You understand well, that whatever his reverence the Prior may do or say, he must always be praised, were he as fantastical as Tiberius, as imbecile as Claudius, or an outrageous fool like Nero. Be prodigal of your praises, and the Prior will be lavish of his favours.

If we have no secret motives of animosity against Panurge, we cannot deny that he has taught us every thing necessary to be learnt, and that the science of happiness is only to be found in the three sentences which have been left us by that man of genius,

Nec somnos abrumpet cura salubres.—VIRG.

TRAVELS THROUGH ANCIENT HELVETIA.

The Author supposes that Septimus travelled about the year 180 *of the Christian æra, during the reign of Antoninus, Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, in the epocha of the triumph of taste and the fine arts.*

WHEN I am at Aventium I rise at six o'clock, it is the first hour of the day*. Scarcely has this hour arrived when all the bustle of business commences. The shops are opened, and the streets filled with people. The villagers enter the town loaded with corn and vegetables; clients crowd every quarter, the sentinels are relieved, and the people repair to the foot of the altars.

The third part of the day is the most busy; it commences at nine, and finishes at twelve; all then attend to their respective occupations. The temples are crowded, and multitudes hurry through the streets, industry is awake, mutual wants give birth to new connections, commerce speculates, and from every side the Judges and the Decurions enter the tribunals.

Eleven is the hour of dining †. This repast is extremely light, and properly speaking only a collation, taken in the family way, and to which a stranger is seldom invited. The sixth hour commences at twelve; from then till one o'clock is an interval of rest, which every one consecrates to sleep.

This use, which appears to be advised by nature, and by the desire of rest which all animals have after having eaten, preserves the health, facilitates digestion, and has become general even among the poor and laborious classes.

At one o'clock the streets are re-peopled, and each again resumes his employment. At two o'clock every one gets into the bath, either at home or in those destined for public use; you know that our customs have multiplied in these establishments every ease and comfort: on one side are immense reservoirs of water, where the people enter on paying one terunce ‡; on the other are numbers of little apartments of which the price varies, according to the manner in which you choose to be waited on.

Farther are the baths for women, which the corruption of our morals had indecently confounded together, but this the edict of Adrian has forbiden throughout all the baths of the em-

* In order to be better understood I have preserved our distribution of time. Six o'clock in the morning was then reckoned the first hour of the day.

† The fifth hour of the day.

‡ A small piece of money.

pire. The baths are only opened at two in summer and three in winter; a bell gives the signal. The prisoners are brought once a week. Formerly the inhabitants of Helvetia contented themselves with washing their legs on their return from labour; but at present it is not uncommon for people to bathe two or three times during the day.

Supper hour is at three in the afternoon; this is our principal repast; it is then that, shaking off the fetters of business, we enjoy with greater liberty the charms of friendship and social ease.

Yesterday supper was prolonged to a very late hour at Titus Severus's, Governor of the Colony; we were invited to celebrate with him, by copious libations, the day on which his daughter had given up her *bulles* and dolls for more serious concerns. A bulle is a necklace composed of little gold or silver balls, which the vanity of parents tie round the necks of their children; at fourteen it is taken off, childhood ceases, and the education at this period becomes more grave and austere. The occupations are changed, the games of childhood finish; all indicates, in this ceremony at once simple and affecting, that the age is arrived when society claims our talents and assumes its rights.

We bathed at Severus's; we could not omit doing this at the house of our entertainer without breaking an established custom. In coming out of the bath, the *sinthese* was brought to us, a gown which by its extreme width leaves the wearer at perfect liberty. Afterwards we washed our hands, took off our shoes, and rubbed our hair with odoriferous essences.

When this ceremony was over, a slave presented each guest with a bill of fare of the supper. After having perused this, we took our places on the beds which were ranged around the table. We were in all eighteen, comprising the *shadow**, which each guest is allowed to bring with him.

One side of the table was taken up by the servants who waited upon us; the other three were filled with beds of various sizes, on which three or four persons could lie with ease. Our naked feet reposed on rich carpets. Between the courses we reclined on cushions of the softest wool, that had been placed at the back of each guest; and leaning on the part of the bed next the table, our left arm supported the body while the right was at full liberty to act.

The centre bed was offered to Vabrius Hispansus, in order to treat him with distinction, he being a priest and a stranger; the beds on the left were occupied by women and children; those on the right, being the least distinguished, are reserved for the master of the house and his most intimate friends. Each guest brought with him his own napkin. A cloth of a very cottony texture covered the table; and a downy towel was suspended at the door for the purpose of wiping our hands and faces. The repast was commenced by libations in honour of the Gods and the Emperor, when each guest poured a few drops of wine on the table. Slaves, with napkins tied about them, brought the dishes in succession, and in an instant the table was covered with salads, eggs, and sauces that excite the appetite.

This course was followed by a profusion of roasted meat, and all kinds of fish and poultry, which a slave, accustomed to the office, placed on the table and carved with astonishing dexterity; other slaves brought us pieces of bread, and replenished our cups with wine; every person puts apart a portion of each dish to send to their friends.

When this course was removed, tubs of water were brought; the table was spunged, we washed our heads and bound them with a woollen bandeau, to preserve us from the fumes of the wine, and welcomed the last course with acclamations of joy. This was the most delightful part of the feast, and all contributed to render it agreeable.

Pastry, fruits, and delicious wines were profusely distributed, and streams of falernum and mammertin flowed in our golden cups. Female dancers, mimics, and flute-players, augmented our hilarity and accompanied our songs. It is during this tumultuous scene that the cup for drinking healths is brought, and each drinks in his turn.

First the healths of the women were drunk, who after having sacrificed to love, become faithful friends, regulate our houses, and give birth to our children; then to love, that sweetens the toils of life; to marriage, that doubles existence; to domestic happiness, and to sylvan independence. The young men toasted their mistresses, and we saw the son of Severus empty his cup five times, in remembrance of Julia and the five letters of her name.

Several inscriptions were remarked in the inside of the cups; in one was written the precepts of friendship and frankness, sometimes we read the proprietor's name, and always that of the maker.

Let us follow these ladies to the place where the desire of pleasing leads their steps, and see how the manners of Rome have already mixed their seducing illusions with ours.

Others have investigated all the secrets of the toilette, and all the resources of art; a delicate rouge on their cheek imitates the blush of love; their eyebrows are gracefully arched; white-lead has improved their complexion; and to be

* A shadow is a friend which each guest is allowed to bring with him.

surrounded with the charms of an eternal spring, they have perfumed their hair with oil, and their bosom with rose leaves.

Amongst this crowd of beauties single out the tender Alamina; her eyes express a mild languor; her flaxen hair carelessly flows on her shoulders; her gait is slow, her opening lips, her perfumed breath, and her melting glances, betray that her heart is sensible to love.

Observe, continued Livius, in the second groupe, that heavy pomp that is always proscribed by those of good taste, the hair of these is separated in the front of the head in two equal parts; their faces are veiled; they disdain the simple toga as becoming to beauty, those short sleeves, those shoes, those graceful folds, and elegant attitudes which inspire love. Their first tunic descends to their heels, their second is gravely fastened round their neck, and displays twenty golden clasps from the shoulder to the wrist. Then comes the stola, a training robe, covered with bands of gold, and of which the numerous folds are sometimes left loose, and at others fastened by a sash. At last the sisna appears, which completes the full dress. This splendid mantle is immensely full; the ground of it is purple, its flowing train is of gold tissue, and a thousand waving folds add to its magnificence.

The third groupe is distinguished in an opposite way, and displays all the delicate refinements and artifices of coquetry; a light net confines their hair, which escapes as if by chance to give a wreath that supports it an opportunity of appearing. Their veil, sometimes flying away, and sometimes captive, excites impatience; their first tunic is short, and they give to the second the most pleasing appearance. The sleeves of these are carelessly fastened above the elbow, and seem to expose the arm for admiration. Their bosoms are negligently half open, to display their shapes to advantage. In walking they raise their tunic to the height of their right hand, and leave half their legs uncovered; here the elegance of their shoes dazzles the sight; they are sometimes red and white, of an elastic skin, always very tight to the foot, and rise half way up the leg; and sometimes they wear sandals that are tied to the feet by the most elegant strings. Some have added a white toga to this charming undress; this fastened to the left shoulder by a golden clasp, falls irregularly, and supports the bosom, goes round the right arm, which thus retains all its independence, and then descends and diminishes imperceptibly in a way not to incommode the raising of the tunic.

Distinguish in that group the proud Ameniada, the flighty Erenis; the one threatens to resist love with severity, the other to sport with it. The latter will torment by her advances, the former by her difficulties; but both calculate the instant when despair will frighten it away..

One pardons, my dear friend, all these means used by the desire of pleasing us, but we are forced to detest the world when it openly despises decency and morality. Look at those fashionable women lately arrived from the capital; they do not blush to appear in public in a garb which exposes their bodies nearly as much as if they were naked, and disconcerts even the most audacious. Twenty years ago transparent clothing was only worn by courtezans; perhaps even wise politicians thought this custom the most salutary antidote to desire; but when women who call themselves honest, fall into such prostitution of modesty, they prove that excess of civilization in a country is another name for the total want of morality and virtue.

[*To be continued.*]

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

[*Concluded from Page* 463.]

I TRIED once an experiment, which might indeed have possibly made some alteration in the tone of a bird, from what it might have been when the animal was at its full growth, by procuring an operator who caponised a young blackbird of about six weeks old; as it died, however, soon afterwards, and I have never repeated the experiment, I can only conjecture with regard to what might have been the consequences of it.

Both Pliny and the London poulterers agree that a capon does not crow, which I should conceive to arise from the muscles of the larynx never acquiring the proper degree of strength, which seems to be requisite to the singing of a bird, from Mr. Hunter's dissections.

But it will, perhaps, be asked, why this operation should not improve the notes of a nestling, as much as it is supposed to contribute to the greater perfection of the human voice.

To this I answer, that castration by no means insures any such consequence; for the voices of much the greater part of Italian eunuchs are so

indifferent, that they have no means of procuring a livelihood but by copying music, and this is one of the reasons why so few compositions are published in Italy, as it would starve this refuse of society.

But it may be said, that there hath been a Farinelli and a Manzoli, whose voices were so distinguishedly superior.

To this I again answer, that the catalogue of such names would be a very short one; and that we attributed those effects to castration, which should rather be ascribed to the education of these singers.

Castration commonly leaves the human voice at the same pitch as when the operation is performed; but the eunuch, from that time, is educated with a view only to his future appearance on the opera stage; he therefore manages his voice to greater advantage than those who have not so early and constant instruction.

Considering the size of many singing birds, it is rather amazing at what a distance their notes may be heard.

I think I may venture to say, that a nightingale may be very clearly distinguished at more than half a mile*, if the evening is calm. I have also observed the breath of a robin (which exerted itself) so condensed in a frosty morning, as to be very visible.

To make the comparison, however, with accuracy, between the loudness of a bird's and the human voice, a person should be sent to the spot from whence the bird is heard; I should rather conceive that, upon such trial, the nightingale would be distinguished further than the man.

It must have struck every one, that, in passing under a house where the windows are shut, the singing of a bird is easily heard, when at the same time a conversation cannot be so, though an animated one.

Most people, who have not attended to the notes of birds, suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages, which is by no means true, though it is admitted that there is a general resemblance.

Thus the London bird-catchers prefer the song of the Kentish goldfinches, but Essex chaffinches; and when they sell the bird to those who can thus distinguish, inform the buyer that it hath such a note, which is very well understood between them†.

Some of the nightingale fanciers also prefer a Surrey bird to those of Middlesex *.

These differences in the song of birds, of the same species, cannot, perhaps, be compared to any thing more apposite, than the varieties of provincial dialects.

The nightingale seems to have been fixed upon, almost universally, as the most capital of singing birds, which superiority it certainly may boldly challenge: one reason, however, of this bird's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night†.

Hence Shakespeare says,

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
"When every goose is cackling, would be thought
"No better a musician than the wren."

The song of this bird hath been described, and expatiated upon, by several writers, particularly Pliny and Strada.

As I must own, however, that I cannot affix any precise ideas to either of these celebrated descriptions, and as I once kept a very fine bird of this sort for three years, with very particular attention to its song; I shall endeavour to do it the best justice I am capable of.

In the first place, its tone is infinitely more mellow than that of any other bird, though, at the same time, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, it can be excessively brilliant.

When this bird sang its song round, in its whole compass, I have observed sixteen different beginnings and closes, at the same time that the intermediate notes were commonly varied in their succession with such judgment, as to produce a most pleasing variety.

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* Mons. de Buffon says, that the quadruped, which he terms the *huarine*, may be heard at the distance of a league.

† These are the names which they give to some of the nightingale's notes: *Sweet, sweet jug, jug sweet, water bubble, pipe rattle, bell pipe, scroty, skeg skeg skeg, swat swat swaty, whitlow whitlow whitlow*, from some distant affinity to such words.

* Mr. Henshaw informs us, that nightingales in Denmark are not heard till May, and that their notes are not so sweet or various as with us. Whilst Mr. Fletcher (who was minister from Queen Elizabeth to Russia) says, that the nightingales in that part of the world have a finer note than ours.

I never could believe what is commonly asserted, that the Czar Peter was at a considerable expence to introduce singing birds near Petersburgh: because it appears by the Fauna Suecica, that they have, in those latitudes, most of the birds with those of England.

† The woodlark and reedsparrow sing likewise in the night; and from hence, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, the latter hath obtained the name of the willow nightingale. Nightingales, however, and these two other birds, sing also in the day, but are not then distinguished in the general concert.

The bird which approaches nearest to the excellence of the nightingale, in this respect, is the skylark; but then the tone is infinitely inferior in point of mellowness: most other singing birds have not above four or five changes.

The next point of superiority in a nightingale is its continuance of song, without a pause, which I have observed sometimes not to be less than twenty seconds. Whenever respiration, however, became necessary, it was taken with as much judgment as by an opera singer.

The skylark again, in this particular, is only second to the nightingale.

And here I must again repeat, that what I describe is from a caged nightingale, because those which we hear in the spring are so rank, that they seldom sing any thing but short and loud jerks, which consequently cannot be compared to the notes of a caged bird, as the instrument is overstrained.

I must also here observe, that my nightingale was a very capital bird; for some of them are so inferior, that the bird-fanciers will not keep them, branding them with the name of Frenchmen*.

But it is not only in tone and variety that the nightingale excels; the bird also sings (if I may so express myself) with superior judgment and taste.

I have therefore commonly observed, that my nightingale began softly, like the ancient orators; reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which by this means had a most astonishing effect, and which eludes all verbal description.

I have indeed taken down certain passages which may be reduced to our musical intervals; but though by these means one may form an idea of some of the notes used, yet it is impossible to give their comparative durations in point of musical tune, upon which the whole effect must depend.

I once procured a very capital player on the flute to execute the notes which Kircher hath engraved in his Musurgia, as being used by the nightingale; when, from want of not being able to settle their comparative duration, it was impossible to observe any traces almost of the nightingale's song.

It may not be improper to consider, whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird; though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe.

As birds are now annually imported in great numbers from Asia, Africa, and America, I have frequently attended to their notes, both singly and in concert, which certainly are not to be compared to those of Europe.

Thomson, the poet, (whose observations in natural history are much to be depended upon) makes this superiority in the European birds to be a sort of compensation of their great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. Our goldfinch, however, joins to a very brilliant and pleasing song, a most beautiful variety of colours in its feathers †.

It must be admitted, that foreign birds, when brought to Europe, are often heard to a great disadvantage; as many of them, from their great tameness, have certainly been brought up by hand, the consequence of which I have already stated from several experiments. The soft-billed birds also cannot be well brought over, as the *succedaneum* for insects (their common food) is fresh meat, and particularly the hearts of animals.

I have happened, however, to hear the American mocking-bird in great perfection at a house in Love-lane, East-cheap.

This bird is believed to be still living, and hath been in England these six years. During the space of a minute, he imitated the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. I was told also, that he would bark like a dog; so that the bird seems to have no choice in his imitations, though his pipe comes nearest to our nightingale of any bird I have yet met with.

With regard to the original notes, however, of this bird, we are still at a loss; as this can only be known by those who are accurately acquainted with the song of the other American birds.

Kalm indeed informs us, that the natural song is excellent, but this traveller seems not to have been long enough in America to have distinguished what were the genuine notes: with us, mimics do not often succeed but in imitations.

I have little doubt, however, but that this bird would be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass; but then, from the attention which the *mocker* pays to any other sort of disagreeable noises, these capital notes would be always debased by a bad mixture.

We have one mocking bird in England, which is the skylark; as, contrary to a general observation I have before made, this bird will catch the note of any other which hangs near it; even after the skylark note is *fixed*. For this reason, the bird-fanciers often place the skylark next one

* One should suppose from this, that the nightingale-catchers had heard much of the French music; which is possibly the case, as some of them live in Spital-fields.

† I cannot but think, that there would be a demand for these birds in China, as the inhabitants are very sedentary, and bird-cages are commonly represented as hanging in their rooms. I have been informed by a Tyroleze, that his best market for Canary birds was Constantinople.]

which hath not been long caught, in order, as they term it, to keep the caged skylark honest.

The question, indeed, may be asked, why the wild skylark, with these powers of imitation, ever adheres to the natural note; but it must be recollected, that a bird, when at liberty, is for ever shifting its place, and, consequently, does not hear the same notes eternally repeated, as when it hangs in a cage near another. In a wild state, therefore, the skylark adheres to the parental notes; as the parent cock attends the young ones, and is heard by them for so considerable a time.

I am aware, also, that it may be asked, how birds originally came by the notes which are peculiar to each species. My answer, however, to this is, that the origin of the notes of birds, together with its gradual progress, is as difficult to be traced, as that of the different languages in nations.

The loss of the parent-cock, at the critical time for instruction, hath undoubtedly produced those varieties, which I have before observed are in the song of each species; because then the nestling hath either attended to the song of some other birds; or, perhaps, invented some new notes of its own, which are afterwards perpetuated from generation to generation, till similar accidents produce other alterations. The organs of some birds also are probably so defective, that they cannot imitate properly the parental note, as some men can never articulate as they should do. Such defects in the parent-bird must again occasion varieties, because these defects will be continued to their descendants, who (as I before have proved) will only attend to the parental song. Some of these descendants also may have imperfect organs; which will again multiply varieties in the song.

The truth is, as I before observed, that scarcely any two birds of the same species have exactly the same notes, if they are accurately attended to, though there is a general resemblance.

Thus most people see no difference between one sheep and another, when a large flock is before them. The shepherd, however, knows each of them, and can swear to them if they are lost; as can the Lincolnshire gosherd to each goose.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

SCENE I.—*Sabina leaves her bed-chamber and enters her dressing-room.—Scaphion brings the asses'-milk; Phiale, the rouge; Stimmi, the black colour for the eye-brows; and Mastiche, the teeth.*

AMONG the ancient pictures discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and hitherto deposited in the royal museum at Portici, near Naples, four small pieces attract particular attention. These are not painted like the rest, upon the wall itself, but they are separately framed, which proves that they were considered by their ancient possessors, fifteen centuries ago, as objects of extraordinary value. The third of these pieces conveys us to the toilette of a lady. The latest traveller, who has described these remarkable antiquities, expresses himself as follows on the subject of this representation:—"A young female is standing while one of her companions dresses her hair; a third is seated in the same apartment, and the fourth is standing near her. They are all dressed with gracefulness and elegance." After several attentive examinations of the engraving of this beautiful picture, which has received no injury except towards the top, I am rather of opinion that it represents a family piece. You see in it a mother and her two daughters, perfectly worthy of her beauty. Persons who have seen the original even assert, that you may distinguish a family-likeness in their countenances. The mother sits on an elevated seat, to which a footstool is attached. In the apartments of the Roman ladies of those times, these seats were absolutely articles of ornament, from the exquisite carving and sculpture, and the superb cushions and canopies with which they were embellished. The mother is tenderly pressing the hand of her youngest daughter, who is leaning against her in a very pleasing attitude. The eldest daughter is standing opposite to her; a slave is arranging the hinder part of her head-dress, the rest of which is already finished. Her hair is elegantly bound with a double fillet; it is

fastened before with pins only, the heads of which are visible, and flows carelessly in tresses over her shoulders. The fine apparel, with the beautiful embroidery, the pendants to the ears, the bracelets, all seem to indicate a festival. The young female is probably arrayed in her bridal dress. You see, moreover, on an elegant table, some green branches, provided most likely for a crown for sacrifice, and a dressing-box, beneath which is a white and azure ribbon. Under the table stands an ewer, of an elegant and agreeable form. In a word, the whole affords a perfect idea of the toilette of a lady of that time, and in a country in which Roman luxury was combined, in the most charming manner, with the taste and purity of Greece.

Much has been said of the profusion and the magnificent dress of the Roman ladies at the time when the riches and luxury of the ravaged world centered in Rome; when the haughty Romans governed the universe, and when they were themselves governed by their still prouder women. A survey of the toilette of a Roman lady of those times would, therefore, probably, afford as much entertainment to many of our readers, as the favourite romances of knights and heroes in the days of our chivalrous ancestors, or a spectre-story by Mrs. Radcliffe, in which the author herself is the spectre that excites such terror. In reading my description, they may, perhaps, recollect to have seen something of the same kind in the Travels of the young Anacharsis, by the Abbé Barthelemy; but he treats only of the domestic retirement of the confined Athenian women. At Rome every thing was very different. The wife of a Roman senator, of a Roman knight, who had plundered whole countries, who had seen kings at his feet, and had carried off hundreds of slaves, male and female, from the subjugated provinces to his houses and his villas in Rome and Italy, realized every morning when she awoke, what the proudest princesses of modern times, what the imperious wife of the richest English nabob in Bengal, or the capricious consort of a Russian knes durst scarcely require of their vassals in a moment of the most tyrannical ill-humour, and what they could scarcely purchase with all their treasures.

A prodigious number of slaves, each of whom had her particular duty assigned her in dressing and adorning her mistress, waited for the awaking and the orders of their *domina*. Such was the appellation by which a Roman lady expected to be called by her slaves, her lovers, by all those who expected their fate from her looks of menace or approbation. Lucian, that great painter of manners, has given us so lively and so faithful a picture of this scene, that, I think, I shall deserve the thanks of the reader if I here transcribe his description:—"Were any one to see these ladies," says he, "at the moment of their rising from sleep, he would assuredly take them for an ape or a baboon, which, to meet the first thing in the morning, we in common life consider as a very bad omen. On this account, they shut themselves up about this time with such care, that they are invisible to the eye of man. A host of old women and servants vie with each other in awaking from the dead the departed charms of their mistress. To wash sleep from the eyes with fresh spring water, and then to apply cheerfully to some domestic occupation; what an insipid, what an old-fashioned mode of proceeding? No; in the first place, all kinds of ointments, and powders, and paints, must be spread out before her. The whole scene has the appearance of a public procession. Each of the servants and attendants brings a different part of the toilette. One brings a silver wash-bason, another a package of combs and brushes, the third an ewer, others looking-glasses and boxes sufficient to stock an apothecary's shop. All these contain nothing but what is disgusting and deceitful; the one, teeth and tooth-powder; in the others, black eye-lashes, eye-lids, and other delusions of the same description. But the greatest art, and the most time, is employed in dressing the hair. Some, who have the madness to change their naturally black hair for flaxen or a golden yellow, colour it with ointments, which they dry in the noon-tide sun. Others, who are satisfied with their sable ringlets, lavish upon them the whole fortune of their husbands; and from their heads are wafted all the perfumes of Arabia. Instruments of iron, heated in a gentle fire, are employed in forming curls which nature denied them. The hair is drawn down over the forehead to the eye-brows, that the loves may not have too capacious a theatre for their frolics; but behind, it flows in majestic ringlets down their back. Purple sandals squeeze the foot so as to cut into the flesh; the garment is a light stuff which they wear that they may not appear quite naked; but all that it covers is less concealed than the face itself, except the deformed neck, which the women take the greatest pains to confine."

But, has not Lucian laid on the colours too thick; has he not borne too hard on the women of his time? To justify his picture, I shall observe, that this satirist, so rich in native wit, seldom has recourse to exaggeration, the resource of poverty and caricature. Besides, the same circumstances are confirmed by the most respectable ecclesiastical writers of the second and third century, especially by Clemens Alexandrinus, and particularly by Tertullian, who wrote a distinct work on the dress of women, a work absolutely indispensable for all those who wish to

make themselves acquainted with the luxurious extravagance of his age.

Our Domina, whom, without reflecting on any Roman or other lady of that name, we may be allowed to call Sabina, must have exhibited a most disgusting spectacle, on awaking from her last morning slumber. The comparison of our friend Lucian, with the physiognomy of the sea-cat, is not the most delicate, but our readers may form their own judgment of its justice.—According to the custom of that time, she had covered her whole face with crumbs of bread, soaked in asses'-milk. The inventress of this expedient for preserving beauty was the notorious Poppæa, the wife of Nero: and this incrustation, by which the skin was kept uncommonly soft and delicate, was called by her name. It was but natural that it should grow dry during the night, and that, in the morning, it should give her face the appearance of a plaster cast full of cracks, to which Juvenal, to whom we are indebted for the most explicit details on this subject, actually compares it. When we take into the account, that, before she retired to rest, our Domina had laid aside with her clothes some of the most essential parts of the human countenance, as eye-brows, teeth, hair, &c. and consequently resembled rather the skull of a beautiful woman, on which *Hamlet* makes such affecting reflections, in the scene of the grave-diggers, than the living model of the Venus of Praxiteles, we shall be convinced that if Lucian's comparison to an animal, which the ancient poet Ennius denominated a caricature of man, be not the most delicate and gallant, it was, however, the most applicable that it was possible to make.

But before Sabina hastened to her toilette, the much-tormented Smaragdis, her chamber-maid, had performed in honour of the goddess Cloacina, an office which the haughty rulers of the world required of their slaves by snapping their fingers. It is, therefore, a striking spectacle, to observe, behind Sabina, as she throws back the curtain* at the entrance of her bed-chamber, in order to go into her dressing-room, a slave leaving the apartment carrying in her right hand a night-vase, of the precious substance called murrhinite; while a pearl necklace, which her mistress has just taken off, hangs over her left arm. What irresistible propensity to dress and ornament, which reigned in the bosoms of these ladies, was displayed by them even when asleep: they had necklaces of pearls, fastened to a gold thread, expressly for wearing in the night.

Sabina having entered her dressing-room, where a crowd of slaves and attendants have, for hours, been waiting to receive her, beckons to the slave who performed the function of door-keeper of the anti-chamber, and gave orders herself what tradespeople, soothsayers, female agents, and letter-carriers, should be admitted. To every other visitor Sabina is ill, or not up. How, indeed, could she shew herself to prophane eyes amidst the preparations, restorations, and repairs that now commence. The docile pupil of the great master in the art of love, she recollects his prudent advice when he says:—Never let your lover find your boxes spread out upon the table; let art, but without displaying itself, step in to aid your charms. Ah! who would not feel disgust on observing the fard, with which your face is covered, dissolve and drop upon your bosom? Neither use the marrow of stags, nor clean your teeth in the presence of others; these things though they contribute to your charms, are disagreeable to the spectator. Many things, which we cannot see done without disgust, please when they are done. Those celebrated statues, the master-piece of the artist Myron, were once rude and shapeless masses. Let people rather believe, while you are dressing, that you are asleep; you will appear to greater advantage when you have completely finished. Men ought to be ignorant of many things, which would shock them, if you were not carefully to conceal them from their eyes.

Sabina certainly knows, that in this early stage of the creation of her beauty, the visit of a lover would reveal the most fatal secrets. She has not been told in vain, by a crafty old woman, that Cupid flew away when the too inquisitive Psyche examined him by the light of a perfidious lamp.

Scarcely has Sabina entered the numerous circle of anxious maids and attendants, when each of them assumes her functions, and strives, by her dexterity, and the most exact performance of her duty, to obtain but one gracious look from her mistress. As formerly, according to the ancient historians, each individual part of the human body had its respective physician, so that the ear-doctors, eye-doctors, tooth-doctors, clyster-docters, foot-doctors, &c. stoutly defended their own domain and territorial jurisdiction on the superficies of the human body, against the encroachments of their colleagues; so in like manner for each portion of the toilette, for each garment, nay even for each part of the body to be repaired, polished, painted, and adorned, was

* The ancients had scarcely any doors in the interior of their houses, but only tapestry hangings or curtains. For this reason, we always see the interior of the house represented by a kind of drapery or curtain. In the magnificent palaces of the ancients, there were *velarii*, whose employment was to open and draw these curtains.

assigned a particular slave, who was never employed in any other occupation; but who, for the slightest negligence, had to expect severe and instantaneous punishment. This whole army of slaves was subdivided into squadrons and companies.

First advance those with the paint, those that lay on the red and those that apply the white, the painter of the eye-brows, and the cleaners of the teeth. The occupation of this class was comprehended in the fashionable Greek term of *cosmetics*. For as in modern times the ladies think nothing handsome about their toilette unless it has a French name, and come from Paris, so the Roman ladies made a point of giving Greek appellations to every thing belonging to their dress; their attendants and waiting-maids had Greek names, even though they were honest peasant-girls, born and bred in the next village. A paint would have been thought of very little value that was not brought in a box with a Greek inscription. Thus the maidens, of whom we are speaking, are called *Cosmetæ*, and are very different from the dressers and the stainers of hair, who again form a totally distinct class. Scaphion, a maiden with a bason containing new and still warm asses'-milk, takes off with a sponge the incrustation which, during the night, covered the face of her mistress. What she washes away is called, in technical language, *cataplasma*; and the balls of soap and essences, with which the skin is smoothed and polished, are known by the appellation of *smegmata*. To enumerate the individual names of these soaps and essences, would be an employment equally uninteresting and unthankful. So much, however, is certain, that in this particular, and likewise in general in all ointments and perfumes, which are not indebted for their perfection to chemical apparatus, the ancients were by no means inferior to the moderns, but even far surpassed them, in invention. Varro, a cotemporary of Cicero, gives, in his Satires, to this wrinkle-removing ointment, the humourous appellation of *tentipellium*, an instrument which the shoemakers employ for stretching leather, and for putting it upon the last. Phiale is the name of the second slave, who applies the white and red to the cheeks after they have been clean washed and polished. But she presumes not to commence this cosmetic operation till she has breathed upon a metal mirror, and presented it to her mistress to smell to. By this method, Sabina discovers whether the maiden's spittle is pure and fragrant, and whether she chewed early in the morning the pastells, which she is regularly enjoined to do: for it is with spittle that Phiale is obliged to mix the paint, if it shall acquire the necessary smoothness and permanence on the cheeks of the Domina.*

The boxes, the cups, the shells, and the whole apparatus with which the ladies of those days disfigured God's creatures, (to make use of *Hamlet's* expression), are contained in two caskets of ivory and rock-crystal, which, under the Greek name of *Narthekia*, composed a costly part of the female toilette. My fair readers will certainly not suspect me capable of such inadvertence as publickly to betray here what the inventive genius of woman kept so carefully concealed in these boxes and caskets. They must all be acquainted with the popular story of the tailor, who, when the beautiful Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets of Coventry, peeped at her through a crevice in his window-shutter, on which, says the ancient tradition, his eyes immediately dropped out of his head. Peeping Tom of Coventry ought to be an example sufficient to repress all prophane curiosity. I shall only take the liberty to make this general observation, that, with the exception of ceruse or white-lead, which in those times was a favourite cosmetic, almost all the other paints were extracted from the animal and vegetable kingdom.† They were consequently less pernicious and corrosive than the celebrated cosmetics of modern times.

While the industrious Phiale is thus busily engaged, the third slave, whose technical name is Stammi, attends with a shell in her left hand containing a fine black, made of pulverized black-lead, which resembles soot, (and was therefore generally denominated *fuligo*) mixed up with

* The ancients had collections of receipts, in which spittle, especially that of a fasting woman, was one of the principal ingredients. The very name of *fard* is derived from the Italian word *farda*, which signifies spittle, because the corrosive sublimate, with which fard is composed, is mixed with spittle.

† The principal substance of all the red paints was the kind of moss called, by Linnæus, *lichen roccella*, from which turnsol is now prepared.—This moss was, in ancient times, denominated *fucus*, which gradually became the general term for all these kinds of paint. They likewise employed certain dyeing plants, particularly the *anchusa tinctoria*. The articles for the toilette, obtained from the animal kingdom, were the *oesypum*, an extract boiled from the sweat of the Athenian sheep, which adhered to certain parts of their fleece; and the pulverized excrement of Egyptian crocodiles, which was employed to cure several cutaneous diseases and to remove freckles.

water; and holding a kind of needle or pencil in her right. Black eye-brows, forming a perfect semi-circle, and meeting at the top of the nose, are at the present day accounted in the East a principal part of female beauty. This was likewise an indispensable condition of beauty among the ancient Greeks and Romans; and as the Turkish women, in the Harams, frequently spend whole hours in painting their eye-brows and eye-lashes with a black powder, called *surmé*, so was this an essential department of the Roman toilette, and well deserved to be assigned to a particular slave. Sabina's was called *Stimmi*, the Greek name of the black for painting the eye-brows, which, with a slight alteration, was transformed into the Latin *stibium*. It was a powder composed of black-lead or bismuth, which the women of the East still use for their *surmé*. It was applied with two bodkins, curved towards the end, such as are still used by the Turkish females. Stimmi's practiced hand has converted her mistress into a *bull-eyed Juno*, according to Father Homer's expression, with the most precious *kalliblepharon*, as the same thing which the druggists called *silmmi*, was denominated in the more elegant language of the toilette. Mastiche, whose business it is to clean the teeth, now takes her place. She presents to her mistress the substance from which she herself derives her name—mastic, from the island of Chios, which the ladies were used to chew every morning to preserve teeth that were beginning to decay. Besides these yellow and transparent grains, Mastiche brings, on a gold waiter (to complete the apparatus of tooth-powders and tinctures), an elegant onyx flask, the urine of a yet pure and innocent boy,* and in a neat gold shell finely-pulverized pumice-stone, which, being mixed with marble reduced to a powder, exhibits every variety of colour. But all this serves only for shew. The teeth, which are here preserved in a pretty little bag, and are about to be placed by the expert Mastiche in the toothless gums of her mistress, require not this artificial polish, and no tooth-powder in the universe can whiten the grinders that still remain. For the sake of the sceptic, be it recollected, that the deception with false ivory teeth, fastened in with gold, is of such antiquity, that the most ancient laws of the Romans, those of the twelve tables, make express mention of the case of dead bodies having false teeth fastened with gold. From the epigrams of Martial, we may conclude that practice was general in his time. In one place he makes the tooth-powder exclaim, "Woman! what wants thou of me? I serve young maidens: I am not used to polish borrowed teeth!"

Thus this first visit to the toilette of a gallant Roman lady, notwithstanding the excessive pomp displayed in the multitude and the diversified occupations of her slaves, is a soothing, or, perhaps, a dejecting additional proof, that in the ages of so highly extolled antiquity, the goddess Fashion had as as many votaries, and as many altars, as at the present day; and that acceptable morning sacrifices were offered her with the same incense, and the same devotion, as at the toilette of many a modern belle. At that time, too, many a portrait-painter might have made the same excuse as a celebrated artist, who one day refused to paint one of those plastered and patched up beauties, saying—"He never copied any body's work but his own and God Almighty's."

Martial says to his countrywoman: "Galla, thy toilette tricks thee out with a thousand deceptions; while thou livest at Rome, thy hair is coloured on the banks of the Rhine. At night thou puttest off thy teeth like a garment, and two-thirds of thy person are packed up in boxes. The maid who dresses thee paints those cheeks and those eye-brows with which thou makest such gracious signs to us. This is the reason why a man connot love thee. It is not thyself that he loves; for who can love what thou art?"

Such, too, is nearly the language in which La Bruyere, sixteen centuries afterwards, addressed the females of his country: "If it is men that women are desirous of pleasing; if it is for them that they bepaint and beplaster themselves, I have collected their opinions, and I assure them, in behalf of all, or of the majority of men, that white and red render them hideous and disgusting; that red alone makes them appear old and disguises them; that they hate to see them with ceruse on their faces as much as with false teeth in their mouths, and balls of wax in their cheeks; that they seriously protest against all the artifices they can employ to make themselves ugly; and that so far from being answerable for it to God, it seems, on the contrary, that this was reserved as the last infallible medium to cure them of their fondness for women."

* Among the ancients, urine was the cheapest tincture for the teeth. The Celtiberians, a people of Spain, employed it in preference; but nothing was held in such high estimation as that of an innocent male child.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

CHAP. III.

Sentiments of the Greeks. The beauty of any object is the expression of the qualities adapted to its nature. Reasons for the diversity of tastes among nations and individuals.

THE ancients had the most enlarged and elevated notions of beauty; they did not look upon it as a mechanical assemblage of purely material perfections. They remarked, that all the objects of nature have a form peculiar to themselves, that this form is in general invariable in every species, and that the individuals which deviated more or less from this form, were more or less pleasing to the eye; they remarked, that the same form which was displeasing in one object was disagreeable in another. Hence they could not but conclude, that, as the nature of each object was different, their beauty must likewise be different; and that, for example, the quality which constituted a handsome dog, would be productive of ugliness in a horse; as the forms which are pleasing in a man would be displeasing in a woman. This reasoning was extremely simple; it must have conducted them to truth: let us then pursue it.

Since beauty varies according to the different nature of objects, beauty, therefore, is nothing but the expression of the perfections of the object. We may consequently assert, that an object is beautiful when it possesses the perfections of its nature.

Beauty, therefore, consists not in any particular form, but in the relation of those forms to the functions for which they are intended. It consists not in any particular colour, but in that colour which results from the perfect disposition of the organs. Thus a red colour which charms, because in an European it is the sign of youth and health, would be displeasing in a negro.—Beauty, then, is nothing but the excellence of objects rendered visible.

Such were the sentiments of the Greeks, those worthy admirers of nature. The same word in their language signified beautiful and good.—Zeno denominated beauty the flower of virtue, an appellation which conferred on it additional embellishment. "Beauty," said he, "is the brilliancy and splendour of goodness. To the mind as to the eye no objects are beautiful but such as are truly good and useful."

We find the same sentiments expressed in a hundred different ways, in almost all the Greek philosophers: "Nothing is beautiful but what is good; nothing is good but what is useful." "Whatever appears beautiful we shall think good, if we pay attention to it." "The knowledge of what is beautiful would be of no use to us, were it not the knowledge of what is good, &c."

Beauty is therefore the expression of all the physical and moral qualities which are suited to the nature of the object in which it manifests itself.

Let us apply this principle to the human species, and we shall find, that the distinguishing traits of beauty in man, as well as in woman, are nothing but the expression of the qualities which are adapted to the end proposed by nature. But why should I sketch a picture which an abler hand has already delineated? The reader will not be displeased if I here introduce a passage from Marmontel, which will completely develope the ideas I have just been stating.

"What was the intention of nature with respect to the human race? She decreed that man should be fit to labour and to fight, to nourish and protect his timid partner and her helpless infants. All that announces agility, address, vigour, courage, in the stature and in the features of man; pliant and nervous limbs, strongly marked articulations, forms which bear the impression of firm resistance, or of a free and ready action; a stature, the elegance and height of which is as remote from feebleness as its robust solidity is from what is heavy and massive; such a correspondence of the parts with each other, a symmetry, an adaptation, an equilibrium so perfect, that their mechanical movement may be unobstructed; features in which dignity, assurance, boldness, and (for another cause) kindness, tenderness, sensibility are depicted; eyes, in which sparkles a soul at once gentle and energetic, a mouth that seems disposed to smile at nature and at love; all this I say will constitute the masculine beauty of man; and to say of a man that he is handsome, is to assert, that nature, when she made him, knew what she was about, and that she made what she had intended.

"The destination of woman is to afford pleasure to man, to soothe him, and to fix him with herself and her children. I say to fix him; for constancy is of natural institution: never would

a fortuitous and transient union have perpetuated the species; the mother suckling her child, has no time, in a state of nature, either to provide for her own subsistence or for their common defence; and as long as the infant stands in need of a mother, so long the mother stands in need of a spouse. Now interest, which in man is weak, and of no long continuance, would not alone have been sufficient to retain him; the wild and wandering savage required other ties than those of blood. Love alone has accomplished the will of nature, and the remedy for inconstancy is the attractive and all-subduing charm of beauty.

"If, then, you would know what is the character of the beauty of the female, you need only reflect on her destination. Nature formed her for a wife and a mother, for repose and pleasure, to soften the manners of man, to interest and to soothe him. Every thing in her must, therefore, announce the gentleness of an amiable empire.

"Two powerful attractions of love are desire and modesty; the character of beauty will therefore be sensible and modest.

"Man is desirous of attaching a value to his victory, he wishes to find in his partner a lover and not a slave, and the more nobleness he discovers in her who obeys him, the more gratification he will derive from the glory of commanding: the beauty of the female should, therefore, be blended with modesty and dignity.

"But an interesting weakness attaches man by exciting the idea that she stands in need of his support: the beauty of the female should therefore be timid, and, to render it more touching, the sentiment of it should exist in the soul; it must be depicted in her looks, breathe upon her lips, and impart softness to all her features. Man, who wishes to owe every thing to inclination, will receive delight from her preferences; and in yielding weakness will behold nothing but consenting love. But the suspicion of artifice would destroy the whole; the air of candour, of ingenuousness, of innocence, those simple and engaging graces, which manifest only by concealing themselves, those secrets of inclination repressed and betrayed, the tenderness of a smile, by the lightning that flashes from a tender look, a thousand fugitive shades in the expression of the eyes and of the feature, are the eloquence of beauty: whenever it is cold it is silent.

"This great ascendancy of the woman over the man proceeds from the secret correspondence which, he maintains, with him and in him, unknown to himself; that delicate discernment, that acute penetration ought likewise to be depicted in the features of a beautiful woman, and especially in that piercing look which penetrates to the very recesses of the heart to discover a suspicion of coldness or of dejection, to restore joy and rekindle love.

"Finally, to captivate the heart which she has touched, to preserve it from inconstancy, she must secure it against langour, and continually give to habit the attractions of novelty; and though ever the same in the eyes of her lover, she must always appear new to him. This is the prodigy performed by that airy vivacity which imparts to beauty so much life and brilliancy. Obedient to all the movements of the imagination, of the mind and of the soul, beauty ought, like a mirror, to reflect every thing, but with additional embellishment."

Adopting the axiom, which I think I have demonstrated, that beauty is the expression of the physical and moral perfections of objects, we shall easily be able to explain the reason why beauty is not the same among the different nations.

The constitution of men varies according to the constitution of the countries which they inhabit; cold, heat, humid climates and parched countries, elevated situations and marshy vallies, all operate more or less on our organs and modify them. The results of this modification must necessarily be apparent in their exterior characters; it is easy to conceive that the exterior characters of a Polish female, possessing all the perfections of her sex, must differ from the same characters in a native of Italy. Is not this the same thing as to say, in other words, that the beauty of the first must differ from the beauty of the second? The necessary result of the same principle is, that each nation could form an opinion of beauty only after such models as its own country afforded; for it is there in particular that every individual finds the object which he likes best, the object which nature has created for him. This is precisely what we discover every where; and whenever we know the form and colour which predominate in the individuals of any nation, we are acquainted with the taste of that nation; it is on this account that we paint the devil black because we are white, and that the negroes represent him white because they are black.

Voltaire, who possessed a distinguished talent for turning every thing into ridicule, in treating of beauty, says, "Ask a toad what is beauty, the perfection of beauty, the *to kalon*? He will answer that it is his mate with her two large round eyes projecting from her diminutive head, a broad flat tail, a yellow belly, and a brown back. Put the same question to the devil: he will tell you that beauty consists in a pair of

horns, four claws, and a tail. Consult the philosophers, and they will give you a pretty sample of nonsense in reply."

I know not if Voltaire had profoundly investigated this question, but this I can affirm, that the answer of the toad is the most rational portion of the article in which I found this passage. Hence we may conclude that beauty, as we have already proved, is not positive, but merely relative, as is so admirably expressed by La Fontaine in the fable of the companions of Ulysses transformed into animals by Circe.—Ulysses runs to him who had been changed into a bear, and says:—

"Ah mon frere,
"Comme te voila fait! Je t'ai vusi joli!
"Ah! vraiment, nous y voici,
"Reprit l'ours à sa manière.
"Comme te voila fait! comme doit etre un ours,
"Qui t'a dit que ta forme est plus belle qu'une autre?
"Est-ce à la tienne à juger de la nôtre?
"Je m'en rapporte aux yeux d'une ourse mes amours."

It is farther, by acknowledging that beauty is the expression of the perfections adapted to an object, that we are able to account for the difference of the sentiments of individuals relative to beauty. Must there not be, in fact, as many kinds of beauty as there are different qualities which men look for in women? For example, a man of a simple and timid character, of a delicate and tender soul, will prefer that fair-haired beauty with blue eyes and lily complexion, with her elegant and stately figure—that young divinity who has about her scarcely any thing material, and who, to employ the happy expression of a woman of talents, "has the air of a thought." The lively and gay man will think that beauty consists in sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and roundness of form. The ardent man will prefer that brunette whose large black eye seems to flash with fire: her skin has not the lustre of snow—a dazzling lustre, but frequently delusive, like every thing that dazzles; how often are whiteness and coldness to be found together!

We have a thousand opportunities of remarking, and it is an observation which I have frequently made, that if two men differ essentially in their taste with respect to the characters of beauty, they will differ as essentially in their moral tastes. But, it may be objected, a beautiful woman appears beautiful in every eye.—Though I might at once deny the generality of the proposition, yet, admitting it to be true, what will refult from it? That we have acquired from infancy all the ideas received in the country in which we live; that these ideas have been developed as we advanced in years, and have been improved by habit, by the examination of beautiful models, and perhaps by the practice or the study of the arts. We consequently speak from our prejudices, from authority, and not from our natural and individual taste. Every body, say you, thinks Olympia a perfect beauty. I admit it; but how many of the number are there whose opinion might be reduced to this—"Yes, I am convinced that Olympia nearly resembles those beautiful statues that have been brought from Italy; she must therefore be beautiful; but nevertheless she does not please me—she is a beauty that I cannot love."

CHAP. IV.

Advantages of Beauty.—Its Power among the Greeks.—Prizes that were decreed it.—Beauty accompanies Health and Virtue.

We have just seen that what is beautiful is, in its nature, good. It is undoubtedly to this most eloquent expression of invisible perfections that we ought to ascribe that irresistible empire which beauty has possessed over men in every country, and in every age.

Beauty and the graces, said an ancient philosopher, are more favourable than the best recommendations. Among the maxims of Persia we find one to this effect: "A little beauty is of more value than great wealth." The same sentiment is expressed in this Chinese sentence: "The more a father loves his son, the better he instructs him; the more a mother loves her daughter, the better she dresses her."*

But it was in Greece that beauty enjoyed its most complete triumph. In no other country did it receive such extraordinary honours, in no other country did it excite such enthusiasm.—Accordingly what pains were taken by the inhabitants of that favoured climate to preserve that precious gift! They paid attention to the beauty of children even before they were born, and among them originated the art of improving the human species, the art of producing handsome children. To such a length did they carry their researches, that they even endeavoured to

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* The Chinese have a great number of very short but very expressive maxims, among which I noticed the following: "The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty."—A proof that the Chinese are not barbarians, since they have so many points of resemblance to civilized nations.

discover the means of changing blue eyes into black ones.

A beautiful woman in that fortunate country was a goddess. Men, the most distinguished for their talents, their virtues, or their rank, the most illustrious warriors, and the most learned philosophers, nay, even kings themselves, were subject to the empire of beauty. Observe Laïs receiving the homage of the most celebrated captains of her time; Rhodope becoming the wife of Psammeticus, King of Egypt; Lamia giving Demetrius a magnificent entertainment, for which she levied contributions on the city of Athens; Aspasia conquering Socrates, inflaming Alcibiades, and subduing Pericles, who made her his wife. What shall I say more.

Phtyne, being summoned before the Judges, was on the point of losing her cause, notwithstanding the eloquence of her advocate. She advanced towards the Judges, threw upon her robe, and the sight of her charms made a stronger impression than all the talents of the orator.

Such was the empire of beauty, to which were even paid honours almost divine. In several cities were instituted public festivals, in which the prize of beauty was disputed. At Tenedos, the island where, as we are told, Paris landed after the rape of Helen, judges were appointed to decide on the beauty of the women—prizes were awarded to the most beautiful.—"This emulation," say the authors of the Dictionnaire Encyclopedique, might be forgiven in women; but it is very strange that men should likewise have been competitors for a prize of the some kind." These writers prove, by this reflection, that they were strangers to the moral end of this institution. What was the intention of the Greeks in crowning the handsomest man? It was to crown the man, the beauty of whose features announced a noble and generous soul; the man whose happy physiognomy indicated all the virtues of his sex; the man whose exterior beauty announced the combination of physical and moral excellencies; the man who could be pronounced virtuous and strong—virtuous, he will love his country—strong, he will be able to defend it.

Such was the man whom the Greeks crowned, and not some indolent Narcissus, as the authors of the Encyclopedia would insinuate. Accordingly, the prize which the victor received consisted of arms which he hung up in the temple of Minerva—the prize of beauty was offered to wisdom.

This sentiment of the Greeks was deeply felt and justly appreciated by a modern writer. "To admire the outside of a man, says he, the Greeks required that it should exhibit the signs of a perfect physical constitution, of health, strength, address, agility; that it should display the marks of wisdom, without which the corporeal strength of man would not contribute towards his own advantage, and at the same time, those of goodness without which his strength would be detrimental to others; they required that it should exhibit, in short, those appearances of health, of power physical and moral, of gentle and humane dispositions, which render the figure of a man pleasing to the eye; and so pleasing, that you are never tired at looking at him. He alone was handsome, in whom they discovered the signs of a virtuous mind in a vigorous body: he alone was handsome, in whom the perfection of the soul corresponded with that of the body."

Let us then admit with the ancients that beauty is not a quality purely material, and depending solely on certain mechanical dispositions; it is the expression of health, of goodness, of virtue. Yes, beauty is the companion of health; who is there but knows what a change is made by a single day's illness in the most beautiful face! Beauty disappears when the functions are deranged; the handsomest woman ceases to be handsome when she is ill; and if she becomes so interesting when she is in a state of convalescence, if she appears at such a time still more charming perhaps than when she is in perfect health, it is in consequence of that ineffable expression of pleasure and happiness imprinted by nature on every creature returning from a state of suffering to a state of ease, and recovering the possession of all its faculties.

So intimate is the connection between health and beauty, that we might even pronounce beauty to be the most certain indication of health; and some physicians have remarked, that the health of beautiful persons is less liable to be impaired, and that when they are attacked by disease, nature has resources more numerous and complete, and the crisis terminates more fortunately than with other people.

Vice, like disease, is destructive to beauty; but we shall have occasion to return to this subject, when we treat of the influence of the passions on beauty. We shall then find that, all things else being equal, the most virtuous woman must be the most beautiful; in the same manner as a beautiful woman must be more amiable, if she is exempt from the baneful influence of a multitude of foreign circumstances which entirely spoil the best temper, and corrupt the most excellent disposition.

I could bring a great number of other considerations in support of the sentiment which I have adduced relative to the nature of beauty, but they would be too serious for this Work.

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

[*Concluded from Page* 457.]

It is now, however, time to return to Gostanza. We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the effort of their oars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by this means had returned to Lipari. The report of the death of Martuccio was immediately spread, and arrived, after some interval, at the ears of Gostanza. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the receipt of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she only recovered from disease to sink into a state of the most gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not, however, thus operate upon the mind of Gostanza. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide. There cannot, indeed, be a severer grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers; it is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul; it is no sooner, therefore, destroyed than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity, a dreary void. The wound of love, thus torn asunder, is beyond the remedy of consolation; the soul is occupied only with the indulgence of its grief, and averts with still greater horror from every offered relief. Such was the gloomy state of Gostanza, and such is that of any other under the sufferance of the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous to the eyes of her friends in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition; her features now had lost their hitherto never absent smile, her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair. In vain, however, did her father attempt to divert her despair; Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fault but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain; in vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade; Gostanza, indeed, attended the scene of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror; her countenance had an air of melancholy and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well; she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth when she broke forth into a passion of tears.

"Gostanza, my child (said Lysimachus), whence this fruitless grief? why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? can nothing console you for the loss of a lover but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Gostanza, for I cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years; I have buried your mother, and all of my children except yourself; the mercy of Heaven, as I fondly thought, has left you for the last prop of my age and life; will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? will you deprive me of the only comfort which my adversity has left me? will you thus become your own executioner? It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but will this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation, is this, I say, a less effectual method of self-destruction? Your youth, your hitherto celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preservation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are falling to the earth in the very opening of your charms. Martuccio is indeed dead, but Lysimachus yet lives; your lover is lost, but your father survives. Gostanza, my child, restrain your tears, live for your father if not for yourself; live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysimachus were ineffectual; Gostanza would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment retired through a glass door into the adjoining garden. The pleasure grounds of Lysimachus were planted with a beauty and magnificence agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea, and a walk descended from the house to the margin of the waters. Gostanza had now entered into this bath, and following, perhaps insensibly, the im-

pulse of her grief, had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her mind the fate of her lost lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections, that she was several times upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding both her life and misery. A conscience, early impressed with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose, and even this, perhaps, might have been insufficient, had not an object diverted her attention, and inspired a new resolution. The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where Gostanza was standing. Gostanza, in the wildness of her despair, entered this boat; and raising the mast and sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and forced it forward into deeper water. The wind happened to blow from the shore, the vessel, therefore, soon gained the main sea. Gostanza here threw away the oars and rudder, and surrendered herself to the chance of the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor indeed purpose, than that of being overset by the wind, or driven upon some rock, and thus, without an act of her own hand, arriving at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Gostanza.

Gostanza, as if for the last time, threw a regard upon her native island; she then wrapped herself in her mantle, and laying down in the bottom of the vessel, resigned herself to tears. "My grief, however (said she), approaches to its end. Yes, my Martuccio, I thus reject a life which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to-morrow our spirits will meet again. Ah, pitying Heaven, forbear again to divide us!"

Thus wept the wretched Gostanza, expecting with the impatience of despair the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Gostanza, however, was deceived; and Heaven, who governs the events of the life of mortals, and guides them by the most indirect means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate, and a happier destiny.

The vessel continued the remainder part of the day, and the whole of the following night, to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, upon the dawn of the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite coast of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore, near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Gostanza, being still wrapped in her mantle, and at length surprised into a deep sleep, was wholly insensible of her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land. It happened that at the time when the boat had struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband; and her surprise was great to see a vessel thus approach, and with extended sails rush upon the coast. She imagined, however, that some fishermen might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture approached to examine the boat. Her astonishment was increased when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle, and stretched amidst the water which had now half filled the boat. The appearance of Gostanza, however, was not such as to excite terror; the woman, therefore, did not hesitate to awake her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her, in the language of Lipari, by what means she had arrived thither. Gostanza, hearing herself addressed in the language of her own island, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back to the coast she had left. With this apprehension she raised herself upon her feet, and threw her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded, therefore, of the woman, into what country she had arrived?

"My daughter (replied the woman), you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Gostanza, upon this, again lamented the severity of her fate, and more particularly her escape from death; but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself on the benches of the bark, and gave free vent to her tears. The grief of Gostanza, with the beauty and eleganee of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman; she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in leading her to the cottage of her husband.

Gostanza here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast; the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting bread, and some of the cheap wine of the country before her, invited her with so much earnestness, and so many carresses, to eat, that Gostanza was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from a refusal of food. Gostanza now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she had learned the language of Lipari? "My country (replied the woman) is the neighbourhood of Trapany, my name is Carapresa, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Carapresa, and learning that she was amongst Christians, though upon

the coast of Infidels, Gostanza, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her mind, though had any one demanded what was the object of this hope, she had been utterly unable to explain; her mind, however, under this influence, became easier, her former wish of death vanished, and she consented with greater readiness to take the food which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer. In relating to the good woman the manner by which she had arrived upon the coast of Barbary, she had mentioned nothing further than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, her condition, and the place from which she had come. She now intreated the woman to have pity upon her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injury to her virtue.

"I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore (replied Carapresa), and when I return I shall have thought of something in the way. Do you, my child, remain here, you have nothing to fear at present; but beware you do not approach the door lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Carapresa left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval she returned; and commanding Gostanza to wrap herself in her mantle, and, according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived here than she thus addressed her:

"I am leading you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation; she has often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm whatever I shall say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself; your mien and your form is that of a liberal condition, and your language and manners correspond; I have no doubt, therefore, but that she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter; be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished when they arrived at the door of the lady. They were admitted without delay; and Carapresa performed the part she had undertaken, that of recommending Gostanza to the good grace of the Saracen widow. Her words were not without their desired effect; the lady, who was now advanced in years, after regarding the features of Gostanza, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition to which a young woman of an appearance so liberal was reduced. Taking her hand, and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into her house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter. Nor did Gostanza reply to her affection with less tenderness. There were several other women in the house besides Gostanza, but no man; the trade of the widow, and of the women her slaves, was that of working in silk and palm-leaves. Gostanza had not been in the house but a few days before she could work with equal speed and skill to those of her companions; she now, therefore, became a no less useful than pleasing partner of their labours; nor did she long remain ignorant of the language of the country; in a word, Gostanza was no less loved than admired by the widow and her whole household; the former commanded her to address her by no other name than that of mother, and daily offered up her thanks in the mosque, that, as it had pleased Heaven to deprive her of her own children, it had thus repaired her loss by the gift of Gostanza. Such was the effect of her virtue, her manners, and beauty.

It is now time to return to Martuccio. You may remember that at the period of our narrative in which we left him, he had been presented by Hamet to Soliman, the dey of Tunis, and accepted by the latter as the immediate attendant of his person. He had continued in this condition of servitude at the time in which Gostanza was admitted into the house of the good widow. At this period, however, a new accident relieved him from a situation so unworthy of his merit, and hastened the final purpose of fortune.

The present dey of Tunis, as we have already mentioned, was Soliman, the favourite minister of the late prince, and by the advantage of that circumstance alone, elected to his present eminence. The Moors were at that time in possession of the greater part of Spain, and more particulary of the city and kingdom of Grenada. The king of this state produced a claim to the throne of Soliman, and summoned him to surrender the usurped dignity to his superior right. Soliman, whom favour had advanced, but whom merit had confirmed in his empire, returned an answer of scorn and defiance.

"As to your right to my throne (said the proud Infidel), you have mistaken your desire for your right; but if the appetite for dominion can constitute such a right, I likewise have the same right to the state of Grenada. Surrender, therefore, your usurped dignity, admit me to my throne of Grenada, or your head shall answer for your refusal."

With this mixture of irony and pride, did the

dey reply to the demand of the ambassadors of Grenada. War, therefore, was immediately declared between the two princes, and Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, was hourly expected to lead his army in person to the invasion of the state of Tunis. Martuccio, being in the very centre of the scene, could not avoid learning the cause of the general hurry and preparation; and being one day in discourse with one of the officers of state, said to him in confidence,—"If the king would demand my advice, I would give him such counsel as should secure him a certain victory." Soliman happened to overhear these words, but passed forward without any present notice. A royal council, however, being called in the evening, to consider of the means of carrying on the impending war, you may guess the astonishment of Martuccio, when a slave summoned him to attend the assembly. His surprise was not without reason. It was the custom of Tunis that none but the ministers of the court, and a few of the most distinguished of the first order of the nobility, should be permitted to attend the council.

Martuccio in some confusion obeyed; upon entering the chamber of the divan, the dey addressed him.—"Christian, you have long served me with equal address and fidelity; you merit, therefore, the reward which our laws will permit. Your liberal appearance is a sufficient testimony of your superior condition in your own country; you will therefore not disgrace the same rank in any other. From this day, therefore, you are raised to the order of nobility in the state of Tunis. It is true, that the strictness of our law requires the profession of the Mahometan faith, but it is a part of my prerogative, as dey, to suspend this acceptance of our religion. I will allow you ten years to study our writings, and converse with our Doctors, and I have no doubt but at the end of this period, you will acknowledge Mahomet to be the last and greatest of the prophets. Your present duty is to assume the seat and functions of your new rank. I overheard you say, that if I demanded your advice with regard to the means of carrying on the war, you would give me such counsel as should secure my victory. Speak, therefore, Martuccio, I demand your counsel."

"My lord (replied Martuccio), I must preface my counsel by saying, that this is not the first time I have visited the state of Tunis; my experience, therefore, has given me some knowledge of your customs both of peace and war. Your wars, I have perceived, are chiefly carried on with arrows; if any method, therefore, can be discovered by which your army may abound in arrows, whilst that of your enemy becomes deficient, your victory, I believe, must be secure."

The dey, and the nobles of the council, who listened with the most earnest attention, here nodded their assent; Martuccio thus continued:—

"This may be effected with equal ease and dispatch. Attend whilst I relate in what manner. In the first place, issue a general command to your armourers, that the strings of your bows may be made smaller than usual, and afterwards to make the arrows to fit those more slender strings, so that they may be useless to the other strings which will not suit their notches; and this must be executed with all the secrecy an affair of such importance requires, that it may not arrive to the knowledge of your enemy, and thus counteract our whole purpose. This happy event cannot fail; when the archers of your enemy have shot off their arrows, and yours have discharged theirs, each side must supply itself for a new discharge, by picking up the arrows which have been shot; the enemy, therefore, must collect those of your archers, and you those of the enemy. Now your arrows must be wholly useless to the enemy, for the smaller notches will not fit their greater strings; the contrary, however, will happen to your army, for the small strings of your bows will fit an arrow of any notch whatever. Thus will it happen, that you will be well supplied with arrows from the quivers of your enemies, whilst yours being so wholly useless to them, they must be deficient of their expected resource."

It is impossible to describe the applause and satisfaction of the council upon this advice of Martuccio; but a few moments before they regarded him with equal envy and abhorrence; his new dignity had excited the first, and the antipathy of a different faith had inspired the latter. This envy and abhorence was now lost in general approbation, and they united in acknowledging the superior sagacity of the dey, who had advanced a man of the merit of Martuccio.

How universal, and even insensible to ourselves, is the influence of interest; by this it was that the general sentiment was thus changed into feelings of an opposite nature, and those who would have consented but the preceding hour to have had Martuccio impaled alive, were now as loud in inviting the dey to appoint him general of the forces. The dey assented, and commanded Martuccio to accept the offered trust.

Martuccio hesitated, but as the war of barbarians requires but little skill, and his refusal might be imputed to other motives, he at length obeyed.

It is the nature of genius, or what is more properly called, vigour of mind, to attend its

possessor through every mode of action, and to render him equally eminent in situations of the least similitude; the success of Martuccio in his new office justified this remark. The army of the Tunisians, which was hitherto nothing but an armed multitude, assumed under the command of their new general, the order and regularity of a disciplined body. Martuccio was equally ardent and skilful in the discharge of his duty.

Soliman beheld, with equal pleasure and admiration, the fidelity and talents of his Christian general, and one day addressed him in these words:—"How blind art thou, Martuccio, to thine own interests; why dost thou thus refuse to adopt our faith; my age foretells a speedy vacancy in the throne of Tunis; I have no children, or other relations, to whom I desire to leave the succession; your merit might attain the vacant dignity; the envy of your promotion will cease when you become one of ourselves."

The promises, and even intreaties of the dey were ineffectual to shake the constancy of Martuccio; his laudable perseverance in the faith of his country and education, would have excited the indignation of any other than Soliman; this dey, however, had little of the bigotry of his sect, and well merited the title of the Generous and Magnificent, which the general consent had imposed. With this nature, therefore, the firmness of Martuccio rather increased than diminished his esteem; nor did his expectation from the merit of his general deceive him.

Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, having collected his army, and put himself at its head, had passed over into Africa, and was advancing to the walls of Tunis. Martuccio, taking his post according to his greater experience of the country, gave battle to the invaders. The conflict, from the superior numbers of the enemy, was long, but victory was at length Martuccio's. Mariabdel was himself taken prisoner, and Martuccio presented the proud monarch to the dey.

The general consent of the soldiers attributed the victory to the courage and skill of Martuccio; Soliman, therefore, laying aside the pride and distance of his superior rank, embraced him as his friend, and added new honours and dignities to the benefits already conferred. Such was the glory and present honour of Martuccio.

Gostanza, during this time, continued in the house of the Saracen widow, and though her melancholy had much diminished, she still retained a tender remembrance of her lost lover; her eyes were often suffused in tears, and the gaiety of her companions, though kindly intended for her entertainment, only augmented her uneasiness, from its contrast to the real state of her mind. Such was the real situation of Gostanza when the whole country around rung with the victory and praises of Martuccio.

The report at length reached the ears of Gostanza. The name of Martuccio being that of her lover, whom she supposed dead, excited all the feelings of her soul; but who can express her emotion, when to the demand of the widow, who this Martuccio was, the messenger replied, that he was a Christian, from the island of Lipari, that had been taken by Hamet, in the Mediterranean, and presented by him as a slave to Soliman.

There was no room for further doubt; it was the same Martuccio; it was Martuccio her long lost, but at length recovered lover. We will not attempt to describe the joy of Gostanza; in a word, it was rapture, transport, and the very madness of joy; her eyes glistened with fresher lustre, her features were animated with new life, and her cheeks glowed with all the imparted radiance of love, hope, and youth. Her unusual appearance could not but excite the remark and curiosity of her kind protectress. It was some time before Gostanza recovered sufficient tranquillity to explain the cause of her transport; she at length, however, related every incident of her life, and concluded by throwing herself in the arms of the widow, exclaiming,—"Behold my Martuccio restored! it can be no other than himself." The widow, upon comparison of the circumstances of the narrative, was of the same opinion, and after the emotions of Gostanza had subsided into greater tranquillity, they resolved to depart for Tunis and seek Martuccio. The resolution was executed with an equal alacrity with which it was taken; a few days brought them to the city.

The first care of the widow was to leave Gostanza at the house of one of her friends, after which she departed in search of Martuccio. She resolved, however, to have the pleasure of witnessing his surprise; and therefore, having at length obtained admittance into his house and presence, thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, it has been my fortune to purchase a slave from the island of Lipari, he is acquainted with your name and family, and requests to see you upon business of equal secrecy and importance; he was not willing to entrust even this message to any other than myself; I have undertaken it, therefore, and thus execute it. Will you attend me, my lord?"

The name of his native island, the abode of Gostanza, could not be indifferent to the ears of Martuccio; his emotion was visible in the features of his countenance, and the widow already understood that Gostanza was not forgotten; nor was her penetration deceived. Martuccio had never for a moment lost thought of his absent

Gostanza; in the midst of servitude and glory, she was the constant image of his memory; he had no other purpose than to avail himself of his present wealth, and as soon as he could make his escape, or obtain permission of departure, to return to Lipari, and demand the hand of his beloved Gostanza. The widow, therefore, no sooner proposed that he should follow her to her house to see a slave from Lipari, than he eagerly obeyed, in hopes that he might hear something of Lysimachus and his daughter. They soon arrived at the house of the widow's friend. We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Gostanza and Martuccio; conceive every thing of love, joy, and transport, of astonishment upon the one side, and rapture on the other, and you may form a faint image of their emotions.

"O my Gostanza, and art thou indeed alive; I have sent to seek you in your native island, but could receive no other information than that you had left your father's house, and were by general report supposed to have been dead. A thousand and ten thousand thanks to the fortune which thus restores you to my arms; yet it is not to fortune that I can impute an event of such benevolence. There is a being, my Gostanza, who presides over fortune, and directs every thing to the final accomplishment of his own wise purpose; it is he that at the same moment delivered me into the hands, and preserved me from the sword of Hamet; it is he who has thus covered me with victory and glory in a land of Infidels; it is he who preserved the life of my Gostanza, though exposed to the caprice of tide and wind in no other vessel than a fishing boat; it is he who conducted the same boat to the coasts of Tunis; it is he who has thus preserved us for each other, and by means the most indirect, and which appeared least suited to his final purpose, has thus effected our happiness and endless union. Gostanza, my Gostanza, nothing shall again divide us."

In this manner did Martuccio breathe forth his love, his rapture, and his gratitude; and Gostanza returned no other reply than such embraces as her modesty permitted.

Their tranquillity restored, Martuccio, leaving her under the care of the widow, returned to the palace of the dey; and with a confidence which his knowledge of his virtues inspired, related to him every thing, both with regard to Gostanza and himself; he concluded by demanding permission of departure to his native island of Lipari.

The dey was equally surprised and delighted at the singular incidents, and still more extraordinary event of this narrative, and commanded Gostanza herself to be conducted into his presence. Gostanza appearing to his summons, the dey demanded of herself the repetition of her narrative; and when she had obeyed and had concluded, thus addressed her: "Gostanza, you have merited him for a husband." Upon this he loaded them with the most costly gifts, and having freighted a ship with the richest commodities which his kingdom could afford, presented it to Martuccio, and gave him permission to depart for Lipari.

Martuccio, after rewarding the good widow for her protection of Gostanza, ascended the ship. Their voyage was happy; and Lysimachus himself, being summoned to the shore by the appearance of a ship sailing immediately to his garden, had the happiness to receive them in his arms.

Gostanza and Martuccio were soon united according to the rites of the church, and their future happiness was such as might be expected from their well tried love.

THE GOOD SORT OF MAN;

A MORAL TALE, OR A SCANDALOUS HISTORY.

I HAVE just learnt the death of poor Theodore; I am sorry for it: I knew him well, he was a *good sort of man*. During his whole life he neither thought, nor said, nor did any thing, but what he believed would please the persons with whom he lived. He was born with one of those supple, flexible dispositions, which receive all impressions without retaining any. His imagination was gay, lively, and sensible; every thing was painted in it, and reflected with agreeable colours. He seemed to interest himself in every occurrence, to love those people with whom he conversed; he was himself interesting, was beloved, or at least was thought to be so.

He possessed every taste, without any passions. He had wit, intelligence, and all which is necessary to judge accurately of men and things; but his principles were only in his head, and none of them had taken root in his heart; they neither regulated his sentiments, nor influenced his conduct.

He had the talent of satire; but he never made

use of it against his friends, except in their absence; and then only to amuse, but never to hurt.

He was always ready to sacrifice his opinion, his tastes, and his sentiments to those of others: he did not think that the vanity of defending his meaning about trifles, was worth the trouble of contradicting. He did not pique himself upon having more wit than another, and every one thought him very witty. He pretended to nothing but to be a sociable man, and every body allowed him that merit.

His character appeared in his child-hood; its facility rendered him docile to the lessons of his teachers, from which he profited greatly; he appeared early in the world, with all the advantages of wit, person, politeness and talents.

The most fashionable women were eager to please him, and easily succeeded. Not one could fix him; but his infidelities and even his indiscretions were readily pardoned. However the attentions which the ladies exacted, laid him under restraints which soon repulsed him. He then frequented the complaisant beauties of the capital. He was much pleased at the facility of this traffick; but his pleasures were not always pure, as he experienced some bitterness in the pursuit.

His constitution was delicate, notwithstanding which he eat and drank like the most robust men. He would not disturb the gaiety of an agreeable supper by a misplaced sobriety, which is always either ridiculous or troublesome.

Roving from pleasure to pleasure, he soon found his health impaired, and his fortune shattered. He was advised to marry; he was sensible he ought to do so, and set about following that advice.

He had inspired a young widow with a real passion. Adelaide was beautiful and intetesting, and he loved her as much as he could love any one. This lady had sacrificed much to the hopes he had given her of marrying her; but she was not rich; his affairs were deranged, and he considered he might re-establish them by a good marriage. The daughter of an opulent man was offered. He had some scruples as to the distress which Adelaide would feel, from his desertion, but his friends thought such delicacy ridiculous, he thought so too, and married the rich heiress. The tender widow retired into a convent, where she shortly after died of grief and disappointment. Theodore was sincerely afflicted, for he was a *good sort of man*.

His wife was handsome and ingenuous; she loved him as a young girl generally loves her husband when she does not hate him. Theodore thought himself obliged through decency, as well as for his own ease, to moderate that sensation; he treated the caresses, the jealousies, and the little exigences of his wife, as childish follies: he told her they ought to live together like reasonable beings. This immediately made her miserable. One of their common friends attempted to dissipate her chagrin, and somewhat calmed her. Twenty more comforters succeeded each other in a twelve month, and perfectly consoled her Theodore found himself much at his ease, he saw himself successively the father of two sons, and a daughter, whom he brought up as well as he could; but the concatenation of pleasures, and the duties of society, did not permit him to attend to their education; and the dissipations of his wife, together with his own, added to his insuperable aversion to all order and regularity, reduced his fortune to a state which did not allow him to procure the necessary means for their instruction.

At last his wife, led astray by the want of multiplying and varying her consolations, happened to engage in an intrigue which made so much noise, that she was forced to enter into a convent with her daughter, who there took the veil, in order to save her father the trouble of getting her married. The two sons, almost strangers to their father, were a little too well known to the public. Theodore, obliged to abandon his estates to his creditors, and to retire from the great world, where he could no longer show himself, lived a few years in very bad company; poor, and burthened with infirmities, forgotten by all those honest people to whom he had devoted his life, his reputation and his fortune; and who, when he was mentioned, said: "He was a charming man! 'tis pity one can see him no more!"

In short, he died before he was fifty, of the consequences of his profligacy, abandoned by his wife, by his children, by his friends, and by his servants. Theodore was, however, a *good sort of man*.

LETTER FROM A HERETOFORE RICH MAN.

THERE are people who are born magistrates, others warriors; as to me, I possessed a thousand a year, I was used to it; I was born so, and I was born for it. I thought my fortune and myself were to remain inseparable. The revolution in France happened, my thousand a year left me, and without having stirred a step, as if the earth had revolved under my feet, I found myself out of my place, and without knowing how to get into it again. For it must not be imagined, that when one has lost a thousand a year, one has only to walk on foot, to wear shabby clothes, to dine poorly, or not at all; one must also change one's tone, one's manners, and even the turn of one's phrases.

This discovery, which I immediately made, afflicted me so much, that I resolved to support every thing in order to conceal my situation, rather than thus to sacrifice what remained the dearest to me. I thought that by thus conducting myself, I might still retain the same manners; but after a short time, finding myself amongst rich people, I was so humbled by the difference which without my perceiving it, was established between them and me, that at the moment I was ready to renounce all society. Afterwards I said to myself: well, I have mistaken the matter, but I shall at least learn how one is to conduct one's self after having lost a thousand a year, and I reasoned thus: The rich are in general so overbearing on account of their riches, that poverty ought necessarily to attract esteem; and as it would be cowardly to blush at it, true courage must consist in being proud of it. I therefore prepared myself to glory in having lost a thousand a year. Heaven knows, however, that I had myself done nothing towards it.

From that time, I ceased not to repeat that I was poor; I told it to every one, I informed those who did not ask me of my forlorn situation; and when I was questioned on the subject, I appeared almost offended at its not being known. Was dress the subject of conversation, I directly displayed my worn out clothes, and I carefully avoided owning I had another suit. On days of ceremony I took particular care to wear my worst hat. The rich were become the objects of my disdain, and luxury that of my censure. On seeing two candles lighted I called out shame; and I would have pardoned the possessors of new fortunes, if, after having seized on the money of others, they had not had the impudence to spend it. I paid a visit one day to one of my female relations who had retained her fortune, and was an agreeable woman, always attentive not to shock the ideas or opinions of others. She was surrounded with the rich and the gay; they were talking of their pleasures. I began to display my poverty, and they became silent; I continued, and they all went away. I expatiated on the indecency of the luxury which was just beginning to revive; and my cousin, who was just ready to go out, ordered her carriage to be put up; and as I had found fault with the delicacy of those who could not stir a step without a carriage, she thought herself obliged to walk. We were caught in a shower of rain; we waited an hour and a half under a shed; in the mean time a hackney coach passed by, and my cousin saying she had no money, I began to rally her on her being so fashionable as not to wear pockets. At last the rain ceased, but the streets were overflowed, the lady slipt at every step, and once she fell down so suddenly that I could only assist her to get up again. I reconducted her home, wet to the skin.

The next day I called at her house; the porter said, "Madame has got a violent cold; she has made a list, see whether you are on it." I looked and saw—"All the Derivals except Derival G." (which is my name.) Are you on it? asked the porter. Yes, said I, I am; and I ran away, that he might not see in what manner I was mentioned.

I am again in the wrong, said I, in going home, I thought to be well received, and the doors are shut against me. After reflecting on these matters, in a few days I learnt that by means of an unexpected inheritance, my fortune was pretty nearly replaced on the footing it was at first. After the first emotions of joy, I said to myself, I shall then never know how a man is to conduct himself after having lost a thousand a year; but I was for the third time in an error. It is only a week since I am become rich again, and I feel myself perfectly instructed in the duties of the poor. From which I make this reflection—that our relative knowledge is never brought home to our actual position; and that such a one, for example, who whilst under the authority of his parents, has deeply considered the duties of parents to their children, must necessarily be married and have children, if he wishes to form a precise idea of the duties of children towards their parents.

ON NOVELS AND ROMANCES,

WITH A CURSORY REVIEW OF THE LITERARY LADIES OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GERMAN LADY TO HER FRIEND.

IN the present state of society, it appears to me inevitably necessary that women should read Novels, notwithstanding what has been said by professed moralists on that subject. It is true, they preach in the desert. How, says Rousseau, how should women, who are, during the whole of their lives, divided between their domestic cares, and dreams, and trifles, ever perceive they have a soul, if love did not call it into action? I would add, if they did not read novels. How many dangerous caprices and absurd fancies would, perhaps, be stifled in their birth; how many hours would be taken from cards, scandal, and the toilet, would the genius of fiction, in a propitious moment, give an elevated zest to their imagination, offer the heart mild and noble sentiments, and even awaken in their minds some sparks of philosophy! Therefore, since novels are more particularly read by women, it seems to me useful to morality that they should also take upon themselves, as in England, the charge of fabricating this useful merchandize; and I wish that we could see in Germany some well-educated persons, of our own sex, make a similar use of their talents. With the exception of Goethe, whose characters are always drawn from life, male authors generally paint our sex so far from what we can, or wish to be, that if imitated we should become mere caricatures. I allow that there is abundance of novels of this description in England; and if they prove that a cultivated mind is very general among women, they also indicate that their taste is still too confined to produce works of a superior kind. For, we must own, that these novels, written by women, are in truth, decorous and moral, but uniformly stiff; they are more apt to paint well-organized puppets, regularly beautiful, or regularly ugly, than real beings whose characters and physiognomy offer various shades like those in nature. The situation of women in society, the line of conduct they must follow, and too often their faulty and illiberal education, are so many fetters which prevent their elevation, even in their fictions, above mediocrity, and render it impossible for them to give those bold strokes, in their pictures, which are traced by men of talents; who, by their steady, free, and vigorous hand, guided by the models of classical literature, have too much advantage over our sex. To assert the truth of this remark, I can quote the *Caleb Williams*, of Godwin; and the *Hugh Trevor*, of Holcroft; but I only wish to speak of the novels that are fit for the perusal of women, and these were not written for them.

Thus, while waiting until men will employ their talents to perfect the taste of women, I could wish, and my wish is very disinterested, that they would not influence their minds in the course they have chosen to pursue, and where they run little danger of being bewildered, provided they only follow no other guide than nature. I wish women could be spared those eternal reproaches, of sickly sensibility, hackneyed, moral, insipid colouring, &c. reproaches always exaggerated, though often very true in some degree; for the mania of falling into the marvellous is but too common among authoresses as well as authors. We may flatter ourselves with having given the English a precedent of this, as the fictions of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the horrid dreams of Mr. Lewis, and all the romances of ghosts that my ears are fatigued with, incessantly prove. I should like to know in what respect this reading is preferable to those novels that offer us a true picture of life; among which are those of Miss Burney, formerly so much liked in England, but that now unfortunately appear too reasonable. I agree, that some of our German readers, whom five or six of our first geniuses have accustomed to *chef-d'œuvres* of this kind, may find too little poetry and philosophy in the works of Miss Burney; they vainly seek for some new trait in the human heart; but they will find a great many things truly and prettily represented, expressed in a pure and elegant style, a faithful picture of English opinions and manners, useful instructions, and excellent moral. I have read, with great pleasure, *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. *Camilla*, the last work of this admirable author, offers some very interesting characters, and also some that are very stiff and exaggerated; and I should think this novel must make a very poor figure in a translation; but, should every thing be translated? I think that few works should, except those that are learned and useful. The fruits of imagination, of wit, and of fashion, when they savour much of the place that gave them birth, cannot be, with the same success, translated into another soil.

You wish I should mention some of those English women who have distinguished themselves in this style of writing. I shall name to you Mrs. Bennet, the author of the *Beggar Girl*; Mrs. Inchbald, whose superior talents would have been more happily developed, had more favourable circumstances allowed her to extend further the sphere of her ideas. Mrs. Robinson, whose poems are replete with sentiment. Charlotte Smith, an indefatigable authoress, and very unfortunate woman, whose works seem to partake of the gloomy colour of her destiny, and display a certain habitual discontent, which impairs her talents, and prevents their being sufficiently diversified. She has, however, composed some sonnets, where her melancholy assumes a truly elevated and poetical style.

Ann Yearsley, the milk-maid, is a meteor of literature, whose shade we ought to worship, as she is a brilliant example, to prove that nature is as liberal towards our sex, in gifts of genius, as she is to men, whatever may be said by the parrots of the good and inconsiderate Rousseau.—This milk-maid is, among the women, what Burns was among the men; her taste is even more perfect and elevated than the Caledonian peasant's, though she had to combat with circumstances equally unfavourable. It is true, she appears to have less strength in her expressions, because, as it becomes a female, they are more delicate and choice.

Among the English female poets, who are our cotemporaries, the first place is certainly due to Mrs. Barbauld, who joins a profound knowledge of the art, and great morality, to real talents. Those works, which would be more pleasing did they display more warmth of imagination, would, perhaps, offer a greater share if she had written them in any other country.

Another lady has published, under the title of *Series of Plays on the Passions*, two volumes of theatrical pieces, whose plan is very extraordinary. The author has conceived a strange idea of writing on all the different passions and species of dramatic essay, and to make each the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. What is no less extraordinary, is, that in the narrow circle in which she has voluntarily circumscribed herself, she has been able to introduce such exalted ideas, and freedom of action. It is less surprising that her compositions should be often embarrassed, particularly when we reflect how uncommon it is for one passion alone to agitate the heart, and that almost always, the predominant one, is shaded with several other passions. Her first tragedy, entitled *Count Basil*, is intended to paint love, the irresistible fatality of its power, its intoxicating charm, capable of lulling even the most heroic energies of the soul. A young intrepid warrior, still a stranger to love, and existing only for glory, a general, or rather *condotteri*, in the service of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, passes with his army through Mantua, and, at first sight, falls in love with the Duke's daughter. The Duke, being secretly attached to Francis I. is informed that a battle is very shortly to be fought, in the environs of Padua, between the French and the Spaniards, and forms the project of detaining the Count at his court, in order to weaken the Imperial army. He persuades his daughter to try the power of her charms, and gives a feast to which she herself is to invite the young Count. The Princess puts in practice all the arts of her sex; but vanity, which is at first her only object, by degrees gives place to a more tender sentiment. The fatal passion of coquetry, so common and so blamable, is here depicted with a masterly hand. The Count, blinded by his passion, is surrounded on all sides with snares, which he does not perceive, and from which no human means can extricate him. His army murmurs, and threatens a revolt; his friends advise and beseech him; but all in vain: an invisible power detains him. One day passes, and then another, at last he hears that the Imperial army, where he was vainly expected, has gained a battle. Then overwhelmed by his dishonour, and incapable of supporting his shame, he puts an end to his existence; and the miserable Princess, torn by remorse and love, falls lifeless on his body.

This subject is fine; but it is evident that love is not the sole cause of these disasters: political manœuvres form the web; and the suicide that concludes the play, is not the sole work of love, but of honour and despair. If love alone had reigned in the Count's heart, it would have consoled him, and he would have remained blind to every other consideration.

The author has, without doubt, greater difficulties to overcome, to represent hatred: she has also succeeded less happily. Hatred is not an affection of the soul that exists without an object; consequently, it is not a real passion; for passions are no other things than affections which, carried to an extraordinary degree of violence by the strength of the attraction which excites them, or the object that represses them, chain the faculties of the soul, and reduce it to a passive state. From this arises the difficulty the author has found herself in, when attempting to give the appearance of reality to the invincible and atrocious hatred that predominates in the heart of the hero of the piece. Montfort, to excite some tragical interest, ought to be represented, in other respects, as a more reasonable and generous man. The object of his hatred must not, however, have grievously offended

him, because then, as I have before observed, another passion than hatred would have been too visible in the action. But all these points established, what are the motives of the horrible catastrophe of the piece; the nocturnal attempt which Montfort commits on an unsuspicious and defenceless enemy? No other thing than an antipathy, arising from little jealousies in society, slight wounds of self-love, and the witty repartees, which the unconscious Resenfeld opposes to the bitter sarcasms of hatred.—There is nothing here worthy of tragedy. Montfort's crime is not that of a man lost for a moment by a violent passion; but the action of a villain or of a madman, who ought to be confined.

Among those English women who have distinguished themselves by their superior wit and talents, Mrs. Macauley Graham holds an exalted situation. Perhaps, my friend, your tolerating and gentle mind will find too much warmth and boldness in the works of this republican historian. Her style, in reality, appears to me to be deficient in calmness, and of that measure which good taste requires, and that becomes the dignity of history. But we should, nevertheless, admire in her writings that masculine and independent genius, that philosophical glance, that strength of thought and energy of expression, which, at the same time, wins and astonishes us, and stamps her name with celebrity.

Mrs. Bryan has lately published a course of astronomy for the use of young persons; and if we may judge of the author by the easy and perspicuous succession of her ideas, and the portrait which graces the head of her work, she must be extremely amiable.

Miss Hannah More is much admired by persons of sound judgment. Her style is pure, and often elegant; and she is, on all points, of an exemplary correctness; and, according to the present state of opinions, her principles on moral education are extremely good. We Germans would like her better, did her works offer us more congenial ideas, more liberality of thought, and less solicitude in wishing to adapt her judgment to the forms of society in general.

This is not the case with the late Mary Wolstonecraft, whose writings, misfortunes, and singularity, have of late taken up all my attention. During the first year of the revolution, her *Rights of Women* fell into my hands; and that title produced rather an unfavourable impression upon my mind. I thought it would prove an imitation of, or a supplement to, the book of Thomas Payne. But how false was that supposition. My soul was drawn by sympathy towards the soul that unfolded itself in that production. What energetic and original, what clear and never-exaggerated ideas she has thrown upon the dignity and the destination of women! With what penetrating glance has she not explored the sources of the corruption that infects society! Yet, I will not conceal the defects of her work, some parts of which are coarse and unconnected.

I do not know whether you have read a short novel of Miss Wolstonecraft's, entitled *Maria*, in which she has depicted the warm and passionate affection she conceived in her infancy for a young lady whose education has been more cultivaled than her own. This lady, having married in Portugal, fell into a dangerous state of languor. As soon as Miss Wolstonecraft was informed of the danger of her friend, she forsook her only means of existence, the school which she kept, and hastened alone and unprotected to Portugal, where she arrived in time to soothe her last moments. All this is related, in the most interesting manner, in the novel I have above mentioned.

E. R.

THE TRAVELS OF WISDOM.

IN THE STYLE OF PLATO.

Wisdom is mild, indulgent, and temperate. Wisdom is patient, compassionate, and a friend to liberty; she tolerates among her children, and indulges herself in every action that tends to please, and offends no one; for it is only wickedness that she holds in detestation. She is modest; she does not style herself wisdom; she does not imagine that she attracts the eyes of the universe, and, notwithstanding, is courageous; and should the world, that scarcely ever bestows a thought upon her, scrutinize and blame her actions, her only answer would be a smile.

One day Wisdom was bewildered, and nearly

lost her way: she undertook to travel, and this disturbed her rest: she wished to find Reason and Happiness, that fortunate, amiable pair, who sometimes visit those who long and wait for them, but are seldom met by those who aim after them.

Wisdom, in the first day's journey, did much good. The earth became fertile, mirth arose, and health was invigorated wherever she passed: she every where bestowed help and consolation; and spread around serenity and joy. Towards evening, she begged for hospitality at the house of her sister, Prudence, who is also a daughter of Jupiter and Minerva.

Prudence wears handsome, but serious features; there is even a family likeness between her and Wisdom; but her morals are not quite so mild or so pure: her attribute is a serpent. She had been secretly connected with Mystery, the son of Night and old Silence. From this well-conducted, though little known union, were born three daughters, Circumspection, Timidity, and *Mauvaise-honte*. Prudence educated them as if they had been the children of chance, found in lonely forests, where, in reality, they had first seen the light. It is said, that since that time *Mauvaise-honte* has married Pride.

In all families the succession of alliances has intermixed the various species; and thence proceed the numberless crowds of gods and men, which surround us.

Wisdom received a hearty welcome, not only on account of her consanguinity, but because her native charms win the affection of all those who behold her. When she departed, after expressing her regret, and bidding her farewell, Prudence advised her to follow a straighter path. Timidity begged she would accept a pair of slippers, such as they wore at the court of the great king, and thickly lined with wool, lest the noise of her steps should awaken Danger. Circumspection, armed her with a staff to feel the ground on which she was going to tread, and support her frame. *Mauvaise-honte* threw over her head and shoulders a dark veil, lest the brightness of her beauty should dazzle men, and excite the envy of her enemies. Wisdom accepted their presents with gratitude. She is easily deceived, and yet she is no less wise.

Thus disguised, she slowly proceeded; her weighty slippers slackened her pace, and her figure was less imposing. Her veil did not allow her to perceive the sufferings of the unfortunate, and she was no longer beneficent. Her staff moving here and there, struck and wounded the passengers, and she was now the cause of evil, without increasing her own share of happiness. She left the right path, and experienced useless fatigue; and the evening was stealing around her while she approached the cavern where dwelt Rigour and *Ennui*, when very fortunately she met Truth, her eldest sister, and the most august, as Wisdom is the most amiable.

With one hand Truth holds a torch, the light of which no veil can diminish; with the other, she carries a looking-glass, where every soul is compelled to read its most secret thoughts, even those which it endeavours to conceal from itself, and which have not yet been expressed. "Is it you, my sister," she exclaimed, addressing Wisdom, "whither do you bend your steps? and why this strange disguise? Cast off those slippers, which oblige you to walk with difficulty, like a mere mortal. Tear off this veil; you wish to rule mankind, but the laws of love are only obeyed; do not conceal your features and weaken their effect. Throw away your staff, does a goddess need support? Does she condescend to strike human beings?

One of the most distinguished characteristics of Wisdom is, to listen with gratitude to the advice of others, and with respectful obedience to those of Truth. The veil, the slippers, and the staff were immediately thrown aside, and the two sisters interchanged their warm embraces. Leaning on each others arm, and conversing on subjects fit to awaken the admiration of gods and men, they slowly advanced, wafted on the respectful wing of zephyrs, above the surface of the earth.

Thus they reached the cottage, which Wisdom once inhabited, and where Reason and Happiness, who could not exist without them, had fixed their abode.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S POCKET-BOOK.

VENICE.—NATIONAL CAROLS.

It is well known that in Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and were wont to sing them in their own melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline; at least, after taking some pains I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso.

There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the canto *formo* and the canto *figuranto*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

I entered a gondola by moon-light; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. George's. One began the song; when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe, as the object of the poem altered.

On the whole, however, their sounds are hoarse and screaming; they seemed in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in force of voice; one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight, shut up as I was in the box of the gondola, from this scene, that I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me, that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly, we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still, and hearkened to the one and to the other.

Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory and, as it were, shrieking sound met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion and pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder, or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendor of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and as all is still around, he is as it were, in a solitude, in the midst of a large and populous town. There is no rattling of carriages no noise of foot-passengers, a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him; melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers, he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse, though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, at times it is scarcely possible to refrain

from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly,—"E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando lo cantano meglio."

I was told, that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrina, sing, in like manner, the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings, and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance.

How much more delightful and more appropriate does this song shew itself here, than the call of a solitary person uttered far and wide, till another equally disposed shall hear and answer him! It is the expression of a vehement and hearty longing, which yet is every moment nearer to the happiness of satisfaction.

ROME.—RITORNELLI.

WITH a similar kind of song, but which is no wise charming or agreeable, the populace of Rome are continually entertaining themselves, and wounding every ear except their own. It is also a kind of *canto fermo*, recitation or declamation, just as we may choose to call it. It is distinguishable by no melodious movement; the intervals of the tones are not to be expressed by our method of writing notes; and these singular intervals are only to be produced by the utmost exertion of voice in this mode of singing.

The tone and manner, or rather the screams, of the singers are so perfectly monotonous, that throughout all the streets of Rome it seems as if one was ever hearing the same set of madmen. It is most frequent about sunset, and during the night; so soon as they find themselves free and easy, they break out into these cries. A boy who, in the evening of a hot day, is shutting up the windows, a carrier going out of the gate with his cart, a workman leaving his shop, immediately opens his throat with these horrid cries. They call this kind of singing *ritornelli*, and set to this disharmony any words that come into their heads, as every sort of phrases and periods, whether metrical or prosaic, is easily adjusted to it. It is but seldom that the words are intelligible, and I can recollect only once to have understood one of the singers. His ditty appeared to me to consist of gross, though not quite witless invectives, against the women of the neighbourhood.

BALLADS.

In the year 1786, nothing was heard every where but the Marlbrough, which was sung in all the streets, half Italian half French, by accident to its own well-known tune.

At the beginning of 1787, it was shoved out of fashion by a ballad which, in a short space had such a run, that even young children, as well as grown up persons, were singing it for ever; it was variously composed and introduced into concerts with several voices. The subject of it was properly a declaration of love to a damsel: evey verse contained praises and promises, which were ever repeatedly raised by the burden.

Non dico? is the popular phrase by which a doubt is signified on an exaggeration advanced by the man himself or by another. The first verse runs thus:

"Ogni uomo ogni donzella,
"Mia dolce Mirami!
"Mi dice che sei bella
"E penso anch'io cosi:
"Non dico: bella!
"Ma—li la ba te li."

The last Ma—, which is cut off by the syllable of the insignificant, refrain or burden, gives the utmost force to the expression of irony.

The tune to which it was most usually sung, and with which we shall give the whole song, is agreeable, though not expressive.

THE HISTORICAL BALLAD.

We hear very little in Rome of stories of spectres; and probably the reason of it is, because no catholic Christian, who has confessed and received the sacraments, can ever be damned, but has only to pass a stated time in purgatory for the completion of his penance and purgation. The piety of every heart is directed to the alleviation and enlargement of poor suffering souls. Indeed all purgatory appears frequently at once in a dream, or the delirium of distemper, to a troubled believer; and on those occasions, the mother of God is always present in a friendly appearance, as is every day to be seen on numbers of votive tablets. But the true orthodox ideas of goblins, witches, and devils, seem more peculiar to the northern climates.

So much the greater was my surprise at a romanzo, or metrical history, sung for several weeks together by a blind Neapolitan boy, who was led about the streets of Rome, the subject and manner whereof is as northern as possible.

The scene is the public place of execution; the time, night. A witch is watching the body

of a criminal lately executed, probably by breaking on the wheel; a bold fellow comes up with the design of stealing one of his legs. He had no suspicion of the witch being nigh; however, he plucks up his courage, and accosts her with a necromantic salutation. She answers him; and their discourse, with a constantly returning formulary, makes up the poem. The first verse is as follows. The music, with the lines wherein the rest of the strophes vary from the first, is here subjoined.

"Ghiurighium a te! ghiurghiu!
" Che ne vuoi de la vecchia tu?
" Io voglio questi piedi.
" E che diavolo che ne vuoi far?
" Perfar piedi ai candelieri.
" Caddavere? malattia!
" Aggi patienza vecchia mia."

But, for making it plainer, here is a sort of a translation of it. Ghiurighiu, or gurugiu, is probably a friendly salutation among the witches.

Thief. Gurugium to thee! gurugiu!
Witch. What wouldst of the old woman, thou?
Thief. I want to take his feet.
Witch. And what the devil to do with them?
Thief. To make into feet for candlesticks.
Witch. The plague and the pox away with thee.
Thief. My dear old woman pray be quiet.

The rest of the stanzas only differ from the first by an alteration of the third and fifth lines, wherein he is always wanting some other part of the body, as intending to put it to some other use. I never remember to have seen a song of this sort in any Italian collection. The horror and aversion excited by such objects is universal. Some have thought they discovered a certain terror in the tune.

[*To be continued.*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 430.]

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I write to you from C.——, after having herborized all the way; to herborize, to be with you, to think of you, are synonimous terms to my heart. I have renewed acquaintance with a croud of plants, which seem to solicit me to introduce them to you. I arrived, notwithstanding the heat, with a superb nosegay, which I almost fancied had been gathered by your hand. Traversing the garden in the evening, it affected me to behold a young stem, to which a support had been given. This support was a branch of willow; planted by the side of the young stem, it has taken root, leaves begin to shoot from it, and it will become a tree. Thus, is a good action recompenced. I like this consoling image.

I have been broiling my head in the garden, to gather the flowers I am going to study.

A small bindweed, which smells like the flower of orange, I found on my way; it creeps on the earth, very different from the large bindweed of the hedges, which I will describe another time, and which twines round the thorn; even among thistles its ivory head arises; proud of its exaltation, the hedge bindweed decorates, like a deceitful courtier, its thorny protector, and falls with it, when it is cut down.

The little bindweed, which I now hold, would also wish to arise; it would also twine round a leaf of grass, if it had the strength to support it. This little lazy plant, goes to sleep every night with the sun, and only awakes at its rising. It is extremely pretty.

Its rampant stem is thin, flexible, and square, which renders it a little stronger. Its leaves are placed alternately, and of the shape of a heart. The petiole by which they are supported, is hollow like a tube, to let the rain-water run away, which otherwise would destroy it. From each of these petioles, at the point where they join the stem, comes out another petiole, much smaller and thinner, which terminates in a little fork, and serves to grasp the supports which come in its way; unless between the prongs of this fork another light green petiole appears, which carries a flower.

This flower is monopetalous, widened like a funnel, the edge of which is a little turned over. It is white at the bottom, of a pale pink on the sides, and shaded with a greenish yellow, a tint which doubtless comes from the transparency of the calyx through the corol where the stamina and pistil are attached. The corol is also at its

base marked with a little green circle. It may be bent into five folds, like a square bonnet; so that the edge of the corol is like an imperceptible festoon. The jutting part of the exterior of each fold, is marked with a reddish stripe.

The pistil is decidedly bifid, and surrounded by five stamina of all sizes, like a coquette, who is followed by admirers of all ages. They have all for anthers little crests of a dark grey. It is undoubtedly the livery of the young goddess, whose stigma divided in two, produces the effect of little white feathers.

The calyx covers the seeds while they are ripening. How much care nature takes to preserve the seed of the bindweed, to spread it upon the soil, which we almost disdain to tread! She does every thing for those who do not oppose her progress.

My little bindweed has for surname, *convolvulus arvensis*. The great bindweed is *convolvulus sepium*. Pentandria monogynia.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[*Continued from Page* 486.]

THE cook should be charged to take care of jelly bags, tapes for the collared things, &c. which, if not perfectly scalded, and kept dry, give an unpleasant flavour when next used.

Cold water thrown on cast-iron, when hot, will cause it to crack.

Hard water spoils the colour of vegetables; a pinch of pearl-ash, or salt of wormwood, will prevent that effect.

When sirloins of beef, loins of veal or mutton, come in, part of the suet may be cut off for puddings, or to clarify; dripping will baste every thing as well as butter, fowls and game excepted; and for kitchen pies, nothing else should be used.

The fat off a neck or loin of mutton makes a far lighter pudding than suet.

Meat and vegetables that the frost has touched should be soaked in cold water two or three hours before they are used, or more if much iced.—When put in to hot water or to the fire until thawed, no heat will dress them properly.

Meat should be well examined, when it comes in, in warm weather; and if flies have touched it, the part must be cut off, and then well washed. In the height of summer, it is a very safe way to let meat that is to be salted lie an hour in the coldest water, rubbing it well there in any part likely to have been fly-blown; then wipe it perfectly dry, and have ready salt, and rub it thoroughly into every part, leaving a handful over it besides. Turn it every day, and rub the pickle in, which will make it ready for the table in three or four days; if it is desired to be very much corned, wrap it in a well-floured cloth, having rubbed it previously with salt. The latter method will corn fresh beef fit for table the day it comes in; but it must be put into the pot when the water boils.

If the weather permits, meat eats much better for hanging two or three days, before it be salted.

The water in which meat has boiled makes an excellent soup for the poor, when vegetables, oatmeal, or pease, are added, and should not be cleared from the fat.

Roast beef bones, or shank bones of ham, make fine pease soup, and should be boiled with the pease the day before eaten, that the fat may be removed.

The mistress of the house will find many great advantages in visiting her larder daily, before she orders her bill of fare: she will see what things require dressing, and thereby guard against their being spoiled. Many articles may be re-dressed in a different form from that in which they were first served, and improve the appearance of the table without increasing expence. Many dishes require to be made of dressed meat or fowls. Directions for several are hereafter given.

In every sort of provisions, the best of the kind goes farthest; cutting out most advantageously, and affording most nourishment. Round of beef, fillet of veal, and leg of mutton, bear a higher price; but having more solid meat, deserve the preference. It is worth notice, however, that those joints which are inferior may be dressed as palatable, and being cheaper, ought to be bought in turn; and, when weighed with the prime pieces, the price of the latter is reduced.

In loins of meat, the long pipe which runs by the bone should be taken out, being apt to taint; as likewise the kernels of beef. Rumps and aytchbones of beef are often bruised by the blows the drovers give, and that part always taints: avoid purchasing such.

The shank bones of mutton should be saved, and, after soaking and brushing, may be added to

give richness to gravies or soups; and they are particularly nourishing for the sick.

The feet of pork make various good dishes, and should be cut off before the legs be cured. Observe the same of the ears.

Calves tongues, salted, make a more useful dish than when dressed with the brains, which may be served without.

Some people like neats tongues cured with the root, in which case they look much larger; but should the contrary be approved, the root must be cut off close to the gullet, next to the tongue, but without taking away the fat under the tongue. The root must be soaked in salt and water, and extremely well cleaned before it be dressed as hereafter directed—and the tongue laid in salt for a day and night before pickled.

Great attention is requisite in salting meat; and in the country, where great quantities are cured, it is of still more importance. Beef and pork should be well sprinkled, and a few hours after hung to drain, before it be rubbed with the preserving salts; which mode, by cleansing the meat from the blood, tends to keep it from tasting strong. It should be turned daily, and, if wanted soon, rubbed. A salting-tub, or lead, may be used, and a cover should fit close. Those who use a good deal of salt meat will find it answer well to boil up the pickle, skim, and, when cold, pour it over meat that has been sprinkled and drained. Salt is so greatly increased in price, from the heavy duties, as to require additional care, and the brine ought not to be thrown away, as is the practice of some, after once using.

In some families great loss is sustained by the spoiling of meat. The best mode to keep that which is to be eaten unsalted is, as before directed, to examine it well; wipe it daily, and pound some charcoal, and throw over it. If meat is brought from a distance in warm weather, the butcher should be charged to cover it close, and bring it early in the morning; but even then, if it be kept on the road, while he serves the customers who are nearest to him, it will probably be fly-blown. This is most frequent in the country.

Mutton will keep long by washing with vinegar, and peppering the broad end of the leg; if any damp appears, wipe it immediately. If rubbed with salt lightly, it will not eat the worse. Boiled in sea-water is by some much admired.

ON GEOGRAPHY.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF IT, DEPENDENT ON THE SCIENCE OF ASTRONOMY; THE ESSENTIAL PROPERTIES OF THE EARTH AND ITS MOTIONS.

Among the many sciences which tend to improve the mind, and elevate our conceptions, there is none, perhaps, more eminently useful than the study of geography: it is a science, of all others, the most pleasing and delightful; for by affording information on such an infinitude of subjects, the powers of the mind become gradually expanded, the fields of nature are opened before us, and the imagination can rove unbounded through endless variety; thus are we led, imperceptibly, from considering the earth as a planet among the heavenly bodies, to a description of its surafce, and the natural, essential, and philosophical properties attached to it.

As the human mind naturally applies with reluctance to close and laborious investigation, those studies, which employ the imagination, as they improve the understanding, are most likely to make permanent impressions; for that which is acquired with facility, will be remembered with pleasure; and the knowledge of few sciences can be attained with such ease as that of geography.

Most authors, who treat of this subject, consider it in too limited a sense; imagining that a bare enumeration of the manners, amusements, disposition, and genius, of the several nations, is sufficient to form a perfect system of geography, while the most essential parts are either totally omitted, or unaccountably abridged. Others there are, who consider it too extensively; and, with a description of each country, would have also its history, political constitution, &c. &c.

The intention, therefore, of the present essay, is to treat more amply on that part of geography which considers the earth as a planet, which demonstrates the principles of its motion, and describes, explicitly, its internal formation, and external appearance, and to explain, with precision, such parts of natural philosophy as are requisite to a perfect knowledge of geography. It is by thus blending the pleasing with the useful, that my aim is to extend this useful branch of learning; and by throwing a new light on those parts which have been hitherto so shamefully ne-

glected, to render it acceptable to every lover of science.

With respect to the figure of the earth, it is now ascertained to be of an oblate spheroidical form; on the knowledge of this alone, the principles of the subsequent propositions, in their respective demonstrations, entirely depend; for a perfect acquaintance with the motions and figure of the earth is the foundation of the science, and will always be found of the utmost utility.

The opinions which have been formerly entertained concerning the figure of the earth, are almost innumerable. Those who are entirely unacquainted with geography consider it as a circular plane, immensely extended, diversified with rivers, and mountains, and bounded by the ocean. Of this opinion was one of the heathen philosophers, who imagined that the earth was also extended infinitely downwards, and established upon several foundations. This many others have been inclined to believe, as several passages in the scriptures rather favour this absurd supposition.

The nearly spheroidical figure of the earth was long acknowledged, by the philosophers, before it could be rendered obvious by manifest demonstration. They knew, from repeated observations, that by travelling towards the equator southwards, the northern stars become gradually depressed, and the southern ones proportionably elevated; and that, by approaching still nearer the equator, constellations arose in the south with which they were unacquainted, and those in the north gradually disappeared. This they were convinced, could not possibly be the case, had the figure of the earth been an extended plane, or any other than that of a sphere. The approaches of a ship towards the shore, when the tops of the masts, the sails, and lastly the hull, become visible, was also another confirmation. But yet the minds of men were too much fettered by the bonds of superstition to be able to search into causes: the rays of science might sometimes break in upon them, yet it served only to give rise to unnatural systems and ridiculous conjectures. But the obscurity of superstition began to dispel, the sun of science, at length, broke forth in all the majesty of light, dissolving the glooms of ignorance, and revealing to mankind the beauties of creation, and the omnipotence of the Almighty.

When Magellan, after a voyage of 1124 days, surrounded the globe, without apparently altering his direction, he sufficiently established the opinion of the rotundity of the earth; demonstration was no longer wanting to render it obvious; learned men arose in every quarter of the earth, and their laborious investigation succeeded the ridiculous chimeras of the ignorant.

At the beginning of the last century, the immortal Newton appeared. Voltaire observes, "if the greatest geniuses the world every produced were collected together, Sir Isaac Newton would lead the band." Endowed with more than human comprehension, he explained the laws of nature, by universal attraction. He taught how gravitation or attraction operates through all the regions of matter; and demonstrated, that by this law, the sea is restrained within certain bounds, and the various bodies which cover the surface of the earth prevented from flying from their centre into the regions of infinite space; impels and regulates the motions of the planets, with such energy of order, and grace of harmony, and preserves the whole fabric of nature from confusion and disorder. He has proved, uncontrovertably, by astronomical observations, and mathematics, that the true figure of the earth is as above stated, not exactly spherical, but inclining to an ellipsis with the diameter of the circles which surround it, increasing as they approach nearer the equator, and diminishing as they become more remote from it. The diameter, which unites the two poles, is shorter than the equatorial diameter, in the proportion of 265 to 266. '5. Again, perhaps the most unequivocal argument for the rotundity and even the dimensions of the earth, may be drawn from its shadow, when obscuring the face of the moon. If the dimensions of the sun and earth were equal, the shadow would be a cylinder, extending infinitely through space, and eclipsing the planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. If the earth were bigger than the sun, its shadow would encrease in width the further it extended; consequently, from these considerations, this only conclusion can be drawn, that the earth is considerably less than the sun; and its shadow, the figure of a cone, terminating in a point at a great distance from the earth. Philosophy furnishes us also with innumerable beautiful and convincing arguments for the rotundity of the earth. Dr. Clark, in his notes upon *Rohault's Thysico*; or, *System of Natural Philosophy*, as another proof of the rotundity of the earth, has introduced, amongst many others, the following ingenious observations: that, "if any part of the earth's superficies was plain, men could no more stand upright upon it, than upon the sides of a mountain; and, that, because the superficies of the earth is globular, the head of a traveller goes a longer journey than his feet; and he who rides on horseback, goes a longer journey than he who walks the same way on foot; so likewise, the upper part of the mast of a ship, describes a greater space, or goes more way than the lower;

because they move on the circumference of a larger circle." Thus, after some thousand years of debate and conjecture, was a knowledge of the figure of the earth established, beyond all manner of uncertainty.

With respect to the motions of the earth, mankind must have made very considerable improvements in astronomy by observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, before they could so far disengage themselves from prejudice and popular opinion, as to believe that the earth upon which we live, was not fixed and immovable. We find accordingly, that Thales, the Milesian, who first taught astronomy in Europe, had made such progress in the science as to calculate eclipses, or interpositions of the moon between the earth and the sun, or of the earth between the sun and the moon. Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, was led by a knowledge of the science to conceive that the earth itself was in motion, and that the sun was at rest, as he found it impossible in any other way to give a consistent account of the heavenly motions. This system, was so extremely opposite to all the then prejudices and opinions, that it never made great progress, nor was ever widely diffused in the ancient world. Ptolemy, an Egyptian philosopher, following the vulgar opinion, supposed that the earth was fixed immoveably in the centre of the universe, and that the seven planets (considering the moon as one of the primaries), was placed near to it, and that all these vast orbs moved round the earth once in 24 hours. This system was universally adopted by the peripatetic philosophers from the time of Ptolemy to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century.

At length Copernicus, a bold and original genius, adopted the Pythagorean, or true system of the universe, about the year 1530. This syssem retains his name, although in reality only revived by him.

However, the Copernican philosophy was not universally adopted; mankind was still too much immersed in ignorance, and blinded by prejudice. Tycho Brahe opposed this doctrine, and endeavoured in 1586 to establish a new system, by denying the motion of the earth, and allowing a monthly motion to the moon round it as the centre of its orbit; and that the sun was whirled round the earth in a year, and even once in 24 hours.

Thus the progress of discoveries in this science was marked by slow and tedious advances until after a darkness, impenetrable for many ages, a freedom of enquiry began to animate the learned, and the thirst for intelligence and improvment began to inspire almost every nation. The learned men in different countries now began to study and cultivate astronomy; and Gallileo, a Florentine, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the discovery of the telescope, supplied new and incontrovertible arguments in support of the motions of the earth, and confirmed the old ones. He at once opened a prospect of the heavens, and mankind then began to see the necessity of astronomical knowledge in facilitating the study of geography.

Astronomy and geography may not improperly be compared to the sublime and beautiful in Nature. Geography as a steam winding softly over the flowery bosom of the earth, presents to the enraptured mind the most delightful and pleasing images. Astronomy, like the bursting of an impetuous cataract, strikes the soul with an awful sublimity; the infinite and inexpressible charms of the one, inspire us with love, and excite our piety; but the contemplation of the heavens has a more powerful effect. Awed by the unbounded prospect that stretches before us, our conceptions wander with timidity into the regions of space; a dread solemnity overpowers the faculties of the mind, and we fall with humility before the throne of the Creator.

H.

ON MECHANICS.

[*Continued from Page* 433]

ON THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF MOTION.

COMBINATION is an intimate and uniform blending of the particles of two or more substances brought into contact with each other, and the power which combines them is called the attraction of combination.

By the electrical attraction is meant, that power which is excited by heat and friction in glass, amber, and resinous substances; as will be illustrated hereafter.

Magnetic attraction displays itself between the loadstone and iron. Magnets attract clear iron more forcibly than any other feruginous substance. Small magnets are more attractive in proportion to their size than are large magnets. Natural magnets of not more than 20 or 30 grains weight, have raised a piece of iron 40 or 50 times heavier than themselves. The power of the same magnet is not always equal; they will at one time attract at a much greater distance than

at another. From what this arises has not yet been discovered. The attractive power of a magnet is not diminished by the interposition of a foreign body; steel filings scattered on a wood plate, will be affected by the motions of a magnet under the plate. If a piece of paper on which steel filings have been sifted, be laid over the bar of a magnet, the filings will arrange themselves so as to form curved lines, that cross each other at the poles of the magnet.

But the most distinguishing property of the magnet is its polarity, or tendency towards the poles of the earth. Take one of the needles used for a mariner's compass, and before it is magnetized balance it on a fine point, when the line it forms will be perfectly horizontal. Take it from the point, magnetize it with either a natural or artificial magnet, and place it again on the point; the needle will then, as before, lie in an horizontal position, but one end of it will sink or dip downwards, making an angle of about 70 degrees. This is what is called the dip of the needle, and is supposed to be occasioned by a subtle power that issues from the earth, and passes through the needle in its magnetical course.

Another property incidental to matter is that of repulsion. If a small piece of iron be laid upon quicksilver, the reciprocal repulsion of the two metals will cause the surface of that part of the quicksilver which is near the iron to be depressed. Magnets possess a repulsive as well as an attractive power; if the north pole of one magnet be brought near the north pole of another magnet, a mutual repulsion will take place. The south poles will repel each other in like manner.

The repelling force of oil is so great, that it is scarcely possible to mix it with many other fluids. The feathers of water-fowl are covered with a thin covering of subtle oil, which repels the surrounding water.

ON THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

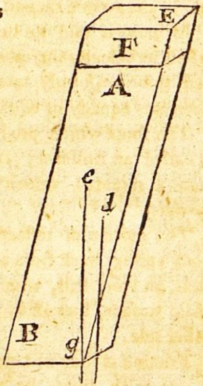
Definitions.—The centre of gravity is that point in a body around which all the other parts are in such exact balance, that if this point be supported the body will be at rest; whereas when it is without support, the body will endeavour to descend by its own gravity.

The *line of direction* is that line which proceeds from the centre of gravity, and determines the motion of the body in this or that direction.

Whatever may be the shape of a body, all the parts of it will be in equilibrio about the centre of gravity. If a piece of flat wood be balanced on the edge of a bason, the centre of gravity, or point of balance, will be exactly in the middle between the two extremeties, if the wood be of the same breadth and thickness throughout; but if one half of it be thicker or broader than the other, the point of balance, and consequently the centre of gravity, will be as much nearer the extremity of that arm of the wood that is the thickest or broadest, as it is thicker or broader than the other.

There are many rules for finding the centre of gravity in a body that cannot be balanced; of these the simplest seems to be the following one:—

If a body be freely suspended, with a plumb line fastened to the point of suspension, the line will pass over the centre of gravity; mark this line on the body, then hang it up by some other point, with the plumb line depending from the point of suspension as before, when the part where it crosses the marked line will be the centre of gravity.



If a piece of wood, as A B, be placed on a flat surface, it will stand though it inclines considerably out of a perpendicular line, because the line of direction (shewn by the plumb line *d e*) falls within its base. But if another piece of wood, as E F, be placed on the top of the first piece, the centre of gravity will be raised to *e*, when the line of direction being beyond the base at *g*, the body will certainly fall.

This example explains the seeming wonder of a building remaining firm, the upper part of which considerably overhangs its base. At Pisa, a town in Italy, there is a tower which inclines between 10 and 16 feet of a perpendicular line drawn from the base upwards; but as the line of direction falls within the base, the building will be supported as long as its materials hang together.

A body stands the most firmly when the line of direction passes through the middle of the base; therefore such bodies as have this line falling near the edge of their base, will be easily overthrown.

OF MOTION.

The body that puts another body in motion is sometimes called the moving force; sometimes the acting power, and sometimes power only.

Elastic bodies are those which, like a ball of wool or cotton, have a certain spring by which their parts, upon being pressed inwards by some external force, return to their former state.

Non-elastic bodies are those which having no such spring, do not rebound on being struck, but move on together.

Two bodies are said to be in equilibrio when they balance each other.

Space is the place which a body occupies when it is at rest, and through which it moves when in motion.

Time is the period during which rest or motion continues.

A body is said to move with an accelerated velocity which increases the space it passes through in a given time: thus, a ball that moves through 10 feet in the first second of time, 12 in the next second, and 14 in the next, moves with an accelerated velocity.

A retarded velocity is just the reverse; that is, a ball, or body in motion does not travel through so much space in the third second as the second, nor in the second second as the first.

Motion is said to be uniformly accelerated when its velocity increases equal in equal times; and to be uniformly retarded when its velocity decreases equally in equal times.

The force which produces an uniform motion is called an uniform; and the force that occasions a retarded velocity, is called a variable power.

The motion of reflection is that by which a body springs back from another that it had met: thus, an ivory ball, when thrown obliquely on a plain surface, flies off by a reflected motion to the other side.

Friction is the resistance which a moving body meets with from the surface over which it passes.

Resistance is the weight, or obstacle which opposes the force communicated by the acting power to the machine.

The fulcrum is a fixed point, or prop, around which all the other parts of a machine moves.

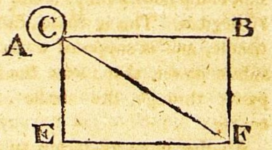
The *momentum* of a body is its weight multiplied into its velocity.

The general object of mechanics is the laws and effects of motion.

There are three general laws by which natural bodies are governed. First, every body will continue in its state of rest, or of uniform motion, until compelled by some external force to change its state. Secondly, the change of motion is proportional to the force imposed, and in the direction of that force. Thirdly, to every action of one body upon another, there is an equal and contrary re-action.

It is easy to conceive that a body cannot pass from a state of rest to a state of motion, without being acted upon by some external cause; and since it cannot give itself motion, it cannot destroy that which it has received. Therefore, a ball discharged from a cannon would persevere in its motion to eternity, if the resistance of friction, the attraction of gravity, and the resistance it meets with from the air, did not unite to form a force which opposes, and at length destroys the awful motion which cannons give to it.

From the second law of motion it follows, that when a new force is impressed upon a moving body, it goes on with a velocity accelerated in a degree proportional to the force that was impressed, and in the direction in which that force was applied.



Thus, if the ball C, when moving along the line A B, receive a new impression in the direction of that line, it will continue to move along it, but if the new impulse be given in the direction A E, then the moving body, obeying the two opposite impulses it has received, will move in a line that lies between the second direction, as does the line A F. In describing this line the body strictly fulfils the law; for when it has reached F, it has moved in the direction of the last force that was impressed, because B F is parallel to A B; and because for a body to move in the same direction, it is not necessary it should pursue the same straight line, one parallel to it being the same.

The course of a ship frequently illustrates the second law of motion. If, when it is sailing due west, a current sets from the north, the vessel will be impelled along a line between the two acting forces, and with a velocity proportional to their different powers.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MUSIC.

[*Continued from Page* 434.]

It must be observed, that in forming a voice according to the given explanations, there are two particular sorts of singing to be practised, viz. the *sostenuto*, and the *portamento*.

The term *sostenuto* denotes a sustaining of the voice, or the letting it give every note its true length, as well as all its other characteristics. But in a similar manner, as it is not enough to give every note its true quality of sound, its proper degree of loudness or softness, and so forth, without sustaining it properly; so it is not sufficient to hold or sustain a note in that inanimate manner, in which it can be produced on a musical instrument. And a singer must endeavour to let his notes become more like effusions of a living and feeling soul, than like mere mechanical performances of a voice. This he must invariably attend to, from the very first attempt he makes in singing to the last. Though without suffering himself to fall into any of those affectations, which so often are substituted for true feeling, or sentimental expression.

By the term *portamento* is undertood a certain carrying of the voice. And this is one of the principal means by which a good flexibility can be obtained in figurative passages. But the term in question is often misunderstood, and this sometimes so grossly, as might appear almost incredible. For who should imagine, that even a certain writer on singing explains the *portamento di voce*, as being an anticipating slide to a succeeding higher note, by which he thinks the voice is carried to that higher note (though it is only dragged to it); and which he considers as a great beauty in singing, that cannot be introduced too often (though in his examples he misapplies it in the grossest manner). It will therefore be useful to observe, that a true *portamento*, or carrying of the voice, consists in that sort of singing, by which the voice is kept in a sort of lighter flow, that prevents its reclining so heavily on one note, as to be unable to pass with facility to another. And though we find it as difficult to explain it fully in words, as it is to describe the *voce di petto*, it may be compared to that sort of walking, in which the weight of a person is carried in an air balloon, so that he can run along on the surface of the water, or on the tips of the ears of a corn-field. Yet this light carrying of the voice, must not be confounded with that superficial slightness, which is the *voce di testa* described before. For it ought not to make the least diminution in that sort of voice called the full voice, as also described.

According to the above principles, any person who has a true musical ear, though apparently not one musical note in his voice, may learn to sing decently, and sometimes even well, though with more exertion than others: a tolerable natural voice can be greatly improved, in fullness as well as sweetness; and a person with good natural singing organs, if he has genius, cannot fail becoming a great singer. This is proved by daily experience; but we shall give an example of each sort, viz. An instance of the worst natural voice has been a niece of the celebrated Chevalier Gluck, whom Millico made a fine singer, when Gluck himself thought she had not the least appearance of a musical voice. Of the said second class was the late worthy Mr. Small, whom the same Millico raised to the capacity of one of the greatest and most expressive singers known, though he had but a very indifferent natural voice; and who knew the art of forming a voice according to the principles of his master, as he has shewn in all his pupils. And of the third, or last class, is our great Mrs. Billington, whose natural gift of voice can hardly be exceeded, and who, by a judicious study of its use, has acquired that vocal excellence, which cannot but astonish and enrapture every attentive hearer.

To preserve the voice when well formed, requires, besides a proper attention to health in gegeneral, and to the abstinence from excesses, and from such aliments which directly injure the voice, a particular care to avoid overstraining it, or using it immoderately. But singing, and even singing much, cannot hurt a true singer, if he takes care not to sing too much, and not force notes beyond those he has quite in his power. It is therefore a mistake, to think that delicate ladies can injure their health by singing an hour. For true singing is to their lungs the same salutary exercie, which walking and dancing is to their whole body; and only singing by a wrong method can be prejudical to their health.

Concerning the pieces, or exercises by which a person learns to sing, it has been long an object of invesigation, whether they require to be sung with the syllables *ut (do) re mi fa sol la si*, as by the French and Italians; or in what other manner the notes, when written without words, may be pronounced.

The use of the said syllables in singing, is called *sol faing*. And this has been done in two different ways, viz. First and originally, so that the notes change the syllable, according to the modulation, or according to the position of the semi-tones between the whole tones; and secondly, without regard to that change, or so that every note retains its respective syllable, in a manner as it retains its respective letter of those used in English notation.

But the former sort of *sol faing* is too perplexing in modern compositions, as well as it is unnecessary; and the latter sort is nothing more than calling every note by its French or Italian name, which might be done by those who choose it, if the syllables in question did not contain more of the worst vowels for singing, (being *e, i, u*), than of the best (being *a*), and render the greatest object, the forming of the voice, more difficult than it need to be. Some of the greatest masters therefore have proposed other syllables, which are a little better calculated for the required purpose than the described ancient ones. But others have found by long practice and experience, that the best method of forming a voice is, to sing at first nothing but the vowel *a*, (pronounced as in law, or awe, but not as an ah), till the singer acquires some steadiness of intonation, and some facility in the *portamento* described as before. And afterwards the former exercises may also be practised with the other vowels, in case a person does not pronounce them in their strictest purity; or else this is not required, and pieces with words may be practiced. Yet lessons that are particularly calculated for the forming or cultivating the voice should be daily practised among the pieces with words.

Concerning the important question, whether it is better to learn to sing in the Italian language than in the English? We observe: first, that a person ought to understand what he sings, as otherwise the soul of the expression would be lost; and secondly, that although the Italian language is much better to sing than the English, the latter is not so bad for singing as some foreigners would make it out, who are not sufficiently acquainted with it. It is therefore certain, that if a person is to sing Italian, he ought to understand not only the general sense, but also every sentiment and word of what he sings; or else he may as well, and much better sing *a*, to the whole, as in his first exercises. How little this is in general attended to, every musical observer will know from experience.

But most frequently the Italian language runs away with the honour that is due to the Italian composition only. For that good Italian compositions hitherto have been in a style much more calculated for singing than the compositions of other nations, cannot be disputed. If, therefore, English lyric poets would so carefully attend to a melodious flow of their words, as Metastasio has done in Italian, and such texts were properly adapted to Italian pieces, they would be to the ear as good as songs with Italian words; and to the feeling they would be far superior to most Italian songs. For the latter, when not understood, are nothing but singing without a sense; and when understood, they are too frequently nonsense, as every person that undersands Italian will know.

From the above it also follows, that if English vocal composers would study the Italian *cantabile*, like a Purcell among the ancients, and a Jackson of Exeter, Shield and Webb, among the moderns, and abandon the tumbling of one large or aukward interval over another; and set such melodies to equally melodious words, they could not fail producing as good and better pieces for singing, as most Italians.

Why should, therefore, English not be good to sing for those who know no Italian? And why should the pre-eminence in singing be, as it were, claimed by a foreign nation exclusively? When, besides many other distinguished performers of this country, we have a Billington and a Braham, as singers, and but lately lost a Small, as teacher of singing, that cannot be exceeded by any foreigner hitherto known!

ANECDOTE.

Having just mentioned Mr. Small, it will not be improper to relate the curious manner in which he used to get ride of mice, when he was disturbed by them, viz. by sending for a drummer, and letting him drum an hour or two in his apartments; which, he said, always completed the cure for some months.

N. B. How immusical those little animals must be, when the rational world think drumming, clashing, tinkling, and jingling, some of the finest sorts of modern music!

[*To be continued.*]

FINE ARTS.

A LETTER ON LANDSCAPE-PAINTING,

FROM AN EMINENT ARTIST.

[*Concluded from Page* 491.]

All the pieces of these great masters that I could procure I daily contemplated with the utmost attention: but this was not sufficient to make myself thoroughly acquainted with their sentiments and ideas. I laid them aside and sketched their principal parts from memory. This I often repeated, but I did not rest there. I made hasty, rather than accurate copies of their landscapes, which I still preserve. I practise the same method with every thing that appears particularly striking, and thus possess a collection of the best ideas. Perhaps some one may ask why I take so much trouble, as I may procure engravings of the same subjects. To such I reply: that I should then possess a collection, which would have contributed nothing towards my improvement. No: in the way I have mentioned the artist will not fail to form a valuable collection; he will not only have studied the best masters, but will at the same time have put himself in possession of their productions.

When I had continued too long to think after others, I often felt a timidity that repressed my inventive powers. Full of their grand ideas, I felt with humiliation my own weakness and the impossibility of ever attaining to their excellence. Imitation alone is capable of damping the ardor of genius. Has not the truth of this observation been confirmed by the most eminent engravers, and even the celebrated Frey himself, whose own designs are their worst performances? Their principal employment is to copy as accurately as possible the works of others; by which they either lose, or weaken that boldness and vigor of imagination, which are necessary for invention. This timidity I studiously endeavoured to overcome. I abandoned my models, delivered myself up to my own ideas, and prescribed to myself the most difficult subjects. I soon found the advantages of this conduct; I discovered what best suited my talents, observed what parts were most difficult, and required the most study and attention. I was inspired with fresh courage when I found that my difficulties had disappeared, and that I had completed my task so much better than I expected; at the same time my imagination expanded; for the fancy, like the other faculties of the soul, may be strengthened and enlarged by practice. He who accustoms himself to think after others will never possess originality himself: we have artists and poets who are merely shadows that accompany the steps of others.

I had, besides, made it a rule, never to be unprovided with materials for drawing; these I always carried with me, not only in my journies and my walks, but likewise in the house and in the town. Many an idea is lost or forgotten, because we are too indolent to fetch from another room the materials necessary for expressing it. In contemplating pictures and engravings, the fancy conceives ideas produced by our admiration of the objects before us, or even only by some accidental circumstance—ideas that otherwise would never have occurred to the mind. These, conceived in the first warmth, are best expressed at the moment. I, therefore, seldom omitted to sketch on the spot the principal outlines of such ideas, which it is so easy to forget, and the spirit of which it is afterwards so difficult to recover.

I will here mention an advantage that may sometimes be derived from studying works of mediocrity: though I would not recommend the practice excepting to those whose taste is already formed. Indifferent performances may often afford a useful exercise to the taste and the imagination, if, like the poet Rammler, we endeavour to improve upon and embellish the ideas of another. Sparks of genius may frequently be discovered, and distorted ideas that deserve to be better expressed. In many pieces scarcely worthy of notice I have met with hints that have often led me to good ideas. Merian's works, to which too little justice has been done, contain objects selected with the greatest skill from nature, and only spoiled by the insipid style of the execution. Give his trees and grounds the manner of Waterloo, introduce more variety into his compositions, and you will produce effects that would do honour to the greatest genius, and the whole ground-works of which is to be found in Merian.

I must not omit one observation, grounded on manifold experience. What encouragement,

what new enthusiasm have I not often derived from studying the history of the art and of artists! This practice extends the circle of our knowledge, calls our attention to the progress of the science, and assists the artist in the study of his particular department.. It is pleasing and instructive to inform ourselves of the fate of those whose works we admire; and we are induced to examine the works of the artist with whose history and professional character we are already acquainted.—When we observe the respect with which great artists and their works are mentioned, we are necessarily inspired with higher ideas of the importance of the art. When we contemplate the unwearied industry, with which they toiled to acquire their excellence and to support their fame; when we see that neither misfortune, penury, nor any other obstacle could damp their ardor in the prosecution of their grand design; must not this excite the youthful artist to be frugal of every moment and to employ every hour to the best purpose? The errors of many a great artist may likewise prove a salutary and impressive admonition, that prudence and virtue are indispensably necessary to ensure permanent felicity.

Another important remark I would earnestly recommend to the attention of the artist, that poetry is the true sister of painting. He should not omit to read the works of the best poets; they will polish his taste, enlarge his ideas, and enrich his imagination with the most beautiful images. Both the poet and the painter drew from the same source, and both are guided by the same principles. Variety, without confusion, is the ground-work of their compositions, and an exquisite sense of the truly beautiful must direct them in the choice of every object and every image in their works. How many painters would chuse their subjects with greater taste; how many poets would give more truth, more picturesque effect to their delineations, if they were more studious to acquire a knowledge of both the arts. The ancients, and especially the Greeks, though their language was so poetical, were strangers to that facility, with which many modern poets accumulate a multitude of discordant images and expressions, and then imagine they have succeeded in picturesque description. Webb's Remarks, in which the beauties of painting are illustrated by passages from the ancient poets, afford the most positive evidence, that the poets of those ages had a profound knowledge of the beautiful in the arts, and had with minute attention observed animated, as well as inanimate nature; for his design rendered it necessary that he should consider them in this point of view. Nor would the modern poets, almost all of whom wish to be regarded as connoisseurs of the art, expose themselves to ridicule, by introducing the name of Durer into their attempts to paint the Graces, or that of Rubens, when describing the highest degree of beauty, in the figure of a mortal or of a goddess. But to return to the artist—That landscape-painter is much to be pitied who can contemplate, without enthusiasm, the pictures of a Thomson. I have found in this great master descriptions which might have been copied from the best works of the most distinguished painters, and which the artist might transpose entire upon his canvas. His pictures are diversified, breathing sometimes the rural simplicity of Berghem, Potter, or Roos; sometimes the mild graces of Lorrain, or the grandeur and sublimity of Poussin; sometimes the wildness and melancholy of Salvator Rosa. And here I seize the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of a man now nearly forgotten.—Brockes selected for himself a peculiar species of poetry; he carefully studied the various beauties of nature in their minuest details: the most trifling circumstances did not escape his exquisite sensibility; a dew-drop, suspended to a blade of grass and glistening in the sun, was sufficient to inspire him. His descriptions are often too diffuse and too laboured; but yet his poems contain a rich fund of pictures and images, accurately copied from nature. They remind us of beauties and objects we ourselves have often observed, which we recognize with lively pleasure, but which memory would not supply when we are most in want of them.*

"Must we then become students and philosophers?" many an artist may perhaps ask with a smile. My advice is of importance to such only as wish to give a character of greatness and sublimity to their works. It is possible to paint a ruined pig-stye, or a low scene of vulgar debauch, with all the magic of colouring, with the most enchanting effect of light and shade, and the highest degree of perfection in the execution of every part.† Such works are doubtless valuable: and those who are satisfied with acquiring the mechanical part of the profession, and are not desirous to store their minds with lofty ideas,

* It was the works of Brockes that principally contributed to kindle, at an early period, the flame of poesy in Gessner's mind, and to lead him to that observation of nature, which contributed to the delight and the employment of his future life.

† This observation is illustrated, in a most striking manner by many of the performances of the late celebrated and unfortunate George Morland, the sole merit of which consists in their being accurate representations of nature.

may indeed spare themselves the trouble of attending to many points which I have noticed.

Such, my dear friend, are the observations, to the best of my recollection, suggested during my labours and the execution of the plan which I prescribed to myself. Others must decide how far I have succeeded in my art; but I am convinced that the way I have pointed out is both short and sure. For by this two-fold study of nature and the first-rate productions of the art, the painter will enable himself to compare their best methods of expressing objects with nature, and the picturesque beauties of nature with those performances. His eye will become so accustomed to observe in nature whatever is beautifully picturesque, that not a single walk at any season of the year, or any time of the day will be unattended with profit. Like the keen sportsman, no obstacle will be capable of deterring him from the favourite pursuit; he will discover beauties to which the indifferent artist is perfectly insensible. His genius, formed after what is truly great, will every where accompany him, and will know how to treat apparently trivial subjects in such a manner, as to produce a grand idea from an object which artists of inferior talents would overlook. In my walks I have sometimes discovered with astonishment scenes in Poussin's style, which before I considered trifling and unimportant.

If my circumstances have prevented me from making farther progress in the art, yet with profound respect for it, I have always felt how much reflection and practice is necessary to attain to real excellence. If the artist does not glow with the warmest passion for his art; if the hours he devotes to it are not the happiest of his life; if his art does not constitute the highest delight and pleasure of his life, and the society of connoisseurs is not more agreeable to him than any other; if he does not dream of it at night, and in the morning return with new enthusiasm to his labours; if he seeks only to take advantage of the false taste of the times, and does not paint for real judges, for true fame and for posterity, his works will soon be consigned to oblivion, though they may now decorate every fashionable apartment.

In addition to what I have already said, I cannot refrain, my friend, from communicating to you and the public two wishes, the fulfilment of which would greatly contribute to the advancement of the art. I have conversed with young artists, who have lamented with tears, that for want of good instructions and encouragement under their difficulties, they have mis-spent the best portion of their lives in ill-directed application. I have seen men of genius, whose works exhibited proofs of great talents, and who, if they had not been abandone to their own judgment, or the bad taste of their country and age, would have attained to real excellence. My wish is, that some philosophical connoisseur, in conjunction with artists of distinction, would compose an introduction for the use both of beginners and of those who give instructions in the art. The best possible instructions should be given for beginners. In Germany Preissler's elements are generally adopted, and yet his outlines are frequently incorrect, and his heads in particular are in a very indifferent style. In France many elementary works on drawing have appeared, the boldness of whose execu ion is calculated to deceive. But this bold manner is of no use to the beginner, as it is not accompanied with the correctness of outline so essentially necessary. How much perplexity must it occasion the instructor as well as the scholar, if the parts and muscles, in their different situations and movements, are not accurately delineated in the examples, and if, as is frequently the case in the introduction to landscape, they are detained by objects destitute of truth, and unfit for illustrating any individual principle of the beautiful.

My second wish is, for a work, containing a circumstantial description of the best performances in every department of painting, in which they should be examined and criticized according to the strictest rules of the beautiful: but it ought to be confined to works of which there are engravings. These remarks ought nevertheless to treat of the colouring; for the reader may, at some future period, have an opportunity of examining the originals, and should this not be the case, they will however furnish the artist and the amateur with a subject for important reflections and observations on this portion of the art.—But only the best compositions of every age and of the best schools should be selected for this purpose; only such, in which the character of the time and the school is strongly marked, in which the true principles of beauty are most judiciously introduced. Such criticisms are found in Boydell's works, in the writings of Winkelmann, Hagedorn, Richardson, and some others. The criticism on the altar-piece at Dresden, by Mengs, inserted in the "*Bibliothek der schonen Wissenschaften*," is a master-piece which displays the profoundest knowledge of every branch of the art. Need I say how valuable and how useful such a work would be? To those who may think it an easy task, I would beg leave to observe, that in order to be a sure and useful guide, it ought to be executed by a Hagedorn, an Oeser, a Dietrich, or a Casanova; in a word, the production of the greatest critics and the greatest artists.

[*We are indebted for this excellent article to the Works of Solomon Gessner, lately published.*]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the Feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

ISAIAH xliv 6.—We all do fade as a leaf.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound.

" Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
" Blighted when like us you fell;
" Hear the lecture we are reading,
" 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

" Virgins! much, too much presuming,
" On your boasted white and red,
" View us, late in beauty blooming,
" Number'd now among the dead.

" Griping misers! nightly waking,
" See the end of all your care;
" Fled on wings of our own making,
" We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour! fed on praises,
" Fluttering high on fancy's worth!
" Lo! the fickle air that raises,
" Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned sophs! in systems jaded,
" Who for new ones daily call;
" Cease, at length by us persuaded,
" Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

" Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health and manly grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
" Summer gives to autumn place.

" Venerable sires! grown hoary,
" Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
" Think amidst your falling glory,
" Autumn tells a winter nigh.

" Yearly in our course returning,
" Messengers of shortest stay,
" Thus we preach this truth unerring,
" Heaven and earth shall pass away.

" On the Tree of Life Eternal,
" Man let all thy hopes be staid,
" Which, alone, for ever vernal,
" Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

HORACE, *Book* I. *Ode* xxii. *parodied.*

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

THE man who looks not worth a penny,
Where-e'er he rambles fears not any;
Nor, when the shades of ev'ning fall,
Needs he or gunpowder or ball,
But o'er the field unarm'd may stroll,
And never wait for the patrol.

If upon Bagshot's heath he stray,
Or down to Hounslow take his way,
Or over Finchley's Common roam
(The dread of cits returning home),
Each distant bush he dauntless sees,
Nor takes for highwaymen the trees.

For, as I wander'd (wrapt in thought),
Rhiming on Doll, in thread-bare coat,
And lost as night came on my way,
A lurking rogue, in search of prey,
Upon me cast a surly eye,
Survey'd me grimly, and pass'd by.

A rascal of so ill a look,
The gangs of Bow-street never took;
Nor one so practis'd in all ill,
So prompt to steal, to rob or kill:
Chick-lane itself did ne'er produce,
Nor Jack Ketch hamper in his noose.

Let Fortune, if she pleases, frown,
And, to divert her, push me down
Or to the Marshalsea or Fleet,
Where I can only hope to meet
With what the Muse of all things loathes,
With girls, and dice, and gin, and oaths.

Or let her, shifting like the wind,
Or like her sex, for once prove kind,
And, to display her wanton tricks,
Promote me to a coach and six;
One task shall still employ my time,
On Doll's enchanting smiles to rhyme.

W. B.

SOLILOQUY ON DEAFNESS.

NATURE, thy genial voice I hear,
Which wakes the morn and me,
And seems to strike upon my ear,
Tho' deaf to all but thee;
To me the hours in silence roll away,
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close of day.

To me the sky-lark pois'd aloft
In silence seems to play;
And hail no more in warbling soft,
The rising dawn of day;
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,
Contemplative I muse, nor heed their jocund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,
In vain the milk-maid sings;
Lost are the bleatings of the plains,
The gurgling of the springs:
No more I hear the nightingale complain,
When to the morn she chaunts her sad love-labour'd strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays
Along the breezy grove,
In transport on her charms I gaze,
And thinks she talks of love:
Ah cease, dear maid, to talk of love in vain:
Thy smiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Whence these complaints? methinks, e'en now,
The voice of reason cries,
Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,
Suppress the heaving sighs:
What fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail,
Weigh then the good and ill in wisdom's equal scale.

No more in friendship's thin disguise
Shall flatt'ry sooth thy ear:
Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise
To know the friend sincere?
No more shalt thou attend to faction's cries,
The taunts of jealous pride, or envy's blasting lies.

No more shall now thy mind be toss'd
By ev'ry breath of praise:
No more thy reason shall be lost
In controversy's maze:
Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt go
And learn from Nature's works, her wise decrees to know.

TRIFLES.

IN the search of happiness,
Trifles fondly we caress;
In the gloom of adverse fate,
Trifles add to misery's weight.
Trifles, when we hope, can cheer,
Trifles hurt us, when we fear.
Britain's character is such,
Trifles joy us over much;
If defeat attend our cause,
Trifles give that joy a pause.
Trifles often turn the scale,
When in love or law we fail;
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend.
Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain;
Trifles, Trifles, more or less,
Give us, or withhold success;
Thus, what'er we undertake,
Trifles raise, or Trifles shake,

THE TOMB OF ELLEN.

Stranger! if by worldly views
Thy heart is dead to love's controul,
If feeling never nurs'd with dews
The rose of passion in thy soul;—

Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is pity's holiest shrine—
The lilies that surround the dead
Would shrink from such a hand as thine.

But if thy breast with ardour warm
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty;
If thou hast knelt to woman's charm
With all of love's enraptur'd duty,

Then Stranger pause and linger here
(For love and pity seldom sever),
And pour the sighs to passion dear,
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

Sweet maid! within thy gentle breast
Affection bloom'd, oh, how sincerely!
And why did fate, with frown unblest,
Break a fond heart that lov'd so dearly?

For cold beneath the western wave
Her lover found an icy pillow;
No flower to deck his lonely grave,
No death-shroud but the foaming billow!

The spirit of the morn had sigh'd,
Delighted o'er the rose's bloom,
But sorrow came with with'ring stride,
And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Stranger! if love awakes your sighs
(And love and pity seldom sever),
Pause where that rose of beauty lies—
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

R.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO CLARINDA.

And does the mild Clarinda dare
A slander'd patriot's colour wear;
While round corruption's rabble rout,
The brutal claim of triumph shout?
And dares she thus to scorn aloud
The intrusive idol of the crowd?
Yet (such is man) the patriot fair
Can shed the charm of virtue there.

Though, proud to claim thy country's pride,
Defeat were triumph on thy side,—
Yet seek not, mild and gentle maid,
The feeble cause of truth to aid:
The vulgar crowd's embruited glee,
Clarinda, is no scene for thee;
And though respect thy charms inspire,
Thy friends must tremble and admire.

AN IMPROMPTU.

O Sue! you certainly have been
A little raking, roguish creature,
And in that face may still be seen
Each laughing love's bewitching feature!

For thou hast stolen many a heart—
And robb'd the sweetness of the rose;
Plac'd on that cheek it doth impart
More lovely tints, more fragrant blows?

Yes, thou art nature's favourite child,
Array'd in smiles, seducing, killing;
Did Joseph live you'd drive him wild,
And set his very soul a thrilling!

A poet, much too poor to live,
Too poor in this rich world to rove,
Too poor, for aught but verse to give,
But not, thank heaven, too poor to love!

Gives thee his little doggrel lay,
One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
I'm forc'd to give my verse away,
Because, alas; I cannot sell it.

And should you with a critic's eye
Proclaim me 'gainst the muse a sinner,
Reflect, dear girl, that such as I,
Six times a week don't get a dinner.

And want of comfort, food, and wine,
Will damp the genius, curb the spirit;
These wants I'll own are often mine,
But can't allow a want of merit.

For every stupid dog that drinks
At Poet's pond, nick-nam'd divine,
Say what he will, I know he thinks,
That all he writes is dev'lish fine.

TO A LADY.

My wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by Friendship, I ask for no more!
Is't Reason?—No, that my whole life will deny,
For who so at variance as Reason and I?
Is't Ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation apart?
O no! for in this all the world will agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me!
Is my mind in distress, too intensely employed,
Or by pleasures relax'd, by variety cloy'd,
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs of these nerves which they strain!
That I've felt each reverse that from Fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical state of my life,
Where Anguish and Joy have been ever at strife;
But tho' vers'd in the extremes both of Pleasure and Pain,
I'm still but too ready to feel them again.

H.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS
FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE intelligence of the month has been of a superior importance to any that the town has received since the battle of Austerlitz. Another kingdom has been added to the conquest of Bonaparte, and the Continent is now prostrate under his sword.

We confess, however, that nothing has happened beyond what we have expected. Our readers will remember, that we cautioned them to expect nothing from Prussia; she entered into the war against her inclinations, and with a force evidently unequal to her necessities. What is still more inexcusable, she has entered it avowedly without allies, and therefore can look to no probable means of repairing her disasters.

The battle of Auerstadt has terminated the course of the Prussian monarchy, and erased from the face of the earth the atheistical structure of Frederic the Second. It is doubtless no small aggravation of her fate, that she has fallen at a time, and in a manner, when there is no one to pity her. The conduct of Prussia, through all the disasters of Europe, has been so cowardly, disloyal, and treacherous to the common cause of nations, that there seems, throughout the whole of the metropolis, and we believe of the country, but one common sentiment,—that her fate was merited.

In a nation, so generous and honest as England, something will be felt for the unfortunate King, whose chief fault is a want of firmness. The Queen, as we often said, is a heroine, and worthy of a better crown. Count Haugwitz is a man to whose miserable politics, and cowardly heart, his country owes its ruin. We speak of him with bitterness, for we know the man. Hardenberg has the noble mind and enlarged views of the late Mr. Pitt; but the faction of the narrow-minded Haugwitz prevailed, and preserved the neutrality of Prussia till Bonaparte was ready to fall on her, and crush her, when no one was at hand to help her. The Queen is worthy of the love of the people of England; we, who have never flattered any one, nor sought a temporary popularity by falling into the humour of the day, do not hesitate to confess, that we could not see the event of the battle of Auerstadt with indifference, as it augments the power of the common enemy, and is a direct calamity to this truly worthy Queen. In any other point of view we are almost disposed to rejoice at the downfall of so ignoble a monarchy as that of Prussia.

The King of Prussia appears to have made several attempts at peace, but they seem to have been as uniformly rejected. Why so,—the answer is plain—France has other views. One of two things will happen with regard to Prussia.—The King of Prussia, finding his first terms rejected, will offer others more desperate; something, perhaps, not far short of the cession of half his dominions in Germany, and the whole of them in Poland—Bonaparte may probably accept such terms, and grant him peace. On the other hand, if the King should hold out, he must necessarily be hunted from his dominions. Bonaparte will then erect new principalities, perhaps a new kingdom. One of these things must happen. There will be no more fighting.

The system of Bonaparte is very simple,—that of a grand military empire, composed of confederate Officers and Princes, all of whom are equally interested in the preservation of their Chief, as by him they have been created, and by him alone can be supported. This is the old feudal system purged of its weakness,—that of a vassalage descending too low. In the present French system the chain connects only the officers and their chiefs,—this is sufficient for military purposes, and more would but injure its energy. We shall consider this system more at our leisure.

In the mean time, to return for a moment to Prussia, we have only to add, that there is too much cause for belief, that Prussia is devoted by her conqueror never to rise again. The French bulletins are an official reports, and may be strictly taken as such. But what is the language of one of these? "The French generosity has been so often abused, that it has become prudent to be generous no longer. It is now a point of duty to become just to ourselves. Russia was saved at Austerlitz, that she might repeat her menaces in Poland. If we were to save Prussia, we might have to experience again the same conduct."

What is the inference of this language? It is unnecessary to say farther.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday, November 15th, was presented, at this Theatre, a new Play, in five acts, entitled *Adrian and Orrilla*; *or, A Mother's Vengeance*, from the pen of Mr. Dimond.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Altenburg....	Mr. COOKE.
Count of Rosenheim ..	Mr. MUNDEN.
Adrian	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Michael	Mr. LISTON.
Friedbert	Mr. DENMAN.
Anselm..............	Mr. WADDY.
Leopold	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Xavier	Mr. TREBY.
Haufoy (a Minstrel) ..	Mr. BELLAMY.
Lothaire (a Page)......	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Orrila of Rosenheim ..	Miss BRUNTON.
Matilda of Clermont ..	Miss SMITH.
Githa................	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Minna..............	Miss TYRER.
Louitgarde	Mrs. SMITH.
Ida	Miss WADDY.

This Play was very favourably received, and wanted but three requisites to render it worthy of such reception,—sense,—grammar,—and the most common propriety.—We are sorry that justice to our readers compels us to this justice towards the author. It is not from one or two scenes that we should be induced to speak in this manner, but, as this piece advanced in dulness, as it proceeded towards its conclusion,—as the first Act was vile, the second execrable, and the third (at least as we thought till we saw what remained) the catastrophe of NONSENSE, we should conceive ourselves involved in the general absurdity of the audience, unless we thus unequivocally pronounced our damnation. The house was CANVASSED by a shew of hands: the Author must have suffered had the POLL been demanded, or had his luck have borne him through the POLL, he would not with equal ease have escaped the scrutiny.

It is impossible to describe Characters, which were in fact no Characters at all:—a Boarding-School Girl,—an honourable German Baron,—a decent Prince, as German Princes go,—a young Lover, and an old Governess,—a Welch Harper in the middle of Saxony,—and a fashionable Education in the 14th Century. In a word, Plot, Character, Sentiment, Language,—every thing in this Piece is GERMAN.

That we may not be thought unjust in this general censure, the following are the particulars:—

In the first place, as to the German tone of the characters, a Lady, of at least genteel rank and elegant manners, is at once a kidnapper, and, ——— what we do not like to mention.

As to the absurdity of the Plot, to mention one instance only, the bell of the castle tolls for the execution of *Adrian*, before he is tried; and the following scene opens with the Baron resolving to give him up to the laws of his country. The catastrophe is brought about by the Prince's horse taking fright at LISTON's face; in a word, the whole progress of the Fable, from the beginning to the end, may be related in a short sentence.—*Adrian* is running away with *Orrila*; he is taken in the woods, confined in the castle; his reputed mother comes to beg him off; the Prince comes on the same errand; the Prince remembers the Lady's face; the Lady forgives the Prince; and the Baron forgives *Adrian*.

As to the SENTIMENT,—we really find it difficult to say any thing. It was of the true German school. The DEITY is invoked on all occasions,—in rain, sunshine, hail, thunder. Every one is ready to sacrifice his life for the other, and every moment throwing themselves on their knees, to implore permission for this generous exchange. Mrs. C. KEMBLE intreats "by the all-seeing Omnipotence of Heaven," that she may go to the Castle and be hanged instead of *Adrian*, as the black crime (that of carrying a LOVE LETTER) was wholly her's; and "that justice was not justice, unless, with nice discrimination of vision, it distinguished its right object."

By the opening of the PLAY, and indeed until the end of it, every one would have thought by the language of *Madame Clermont*, that she had murdered her child and husband; ORESTES and ŒDIPUS are nothing to her; she "banquets on horror," and has lived twenty years in penitence without a crime, and in grief without an object.

As to the LANGUAGE; the PRINCE promises to the Lady, "if he has done her any injury, he will do her ample retribution,"—that is to say, that he would *amply repeat* his offence. A Lady about to die with grief is said to be on "Creation's brink."—Any other man but the author of this play would have said, on the "brink of death," and not of a new Creation; but perhaps this Author is one of the new German

sect of REGENERANTS, a death with him is tantamount to Creation.

These are only a few instances; we are sorry to say all was alike.—It was neither poetry nor prose.

To say all in one word,—the general character, and all-pervading absurdity of this play, is its total want of common sense,—a most extravagant disproportion between the passions, sentiments, and language, with their several objects.

The Prologue, though imperfectly heard, was elegant; the Epilogue was full of temporary allusions to the New Elections; and was good and spirited.

DRURY-LANE.

A Piece of Five Acts, entitled "*The Vindictive Man*," was performed, for the first time, on Thursday night, November 20. The following are the persons of the Drama:—

Hanson, (the Vindictive Man)	Mr. ELLISTON.
Colonel Hanson	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Maitland	Mr. RAYMOND.
Charles (his son)	Mr. BARTLEY.
Frederick	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Farmer	Mr. DOWTON.
Lambert (a Lawyer)	Mr. POWELL.
Goldfinch	Mr. DE CAMP.
Mark Blunt	Mr. MATHEWS.
Jew	Mr. WEWITZER.
Rose	Miss DUNCAN.
Mrs. Forward	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Emily	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

This is another Play of the German School, but from a different and more expert master—Mr. HOLCROFT.—Its basis is laid in the most extravagant passions; and, like all others of the same breed, in passions produced either without any object, or from causes wholly disproportionate.

This has been the grand mischief of the German School.—In its pursuit of novelty it has fallen upon extravagance, and in the chace of vice or folly, has hunted them into Prisons and Stews, and has dramatised them in situations, from which the chaste and delicate majesty of true genius will always avert. That such things, in some contrivance of accident, or shuffle of fortune, may occur in real life, is no reason for introducing them upon the stage. They may be seen or known, but are not fit to be represented. They have too much malignity for the Comic Muse, and not sufficient dignity for Tragedy. They are a sort of bastard beings, which are akin to nothing natural or legitimate; monsters, which surprise and disgust, and to which we can only be reconciled by knowing that they are rare.

It is an unerring maxim of the drama, that nothing should be represented on the stage but what has its resemblance in life. The converse, however, will not hold. All that is seen in life is not to be represented on the theatre. Tragedy and Comedy are selections from life for different purposes; the one to move, the other to please; the talent is in the choice,— in the winnowing of the chaff from the grain.

Thus much we thought necessary to premise in speaking of this play; the principal character in which is a *Mr. Hanson*, the "*Vindictive Man.*" This gentleman cherishes a most inexpiable and ardent hatred against his brother on account of a school-boy quarrel when they were about fourteen years of age; in which the younger gave the elder a BLOODY NOSE. It is this foolish quarrel which forms the basis of the play. Can Mr. HOLCROFT maintain that this is nature? YOUNG has been censured for the extravagant revenge of his *Zanga*, but in the delineation of a ferocious passion without a cause, or a cause inadequate to its assigned effect, Dr. YOUNG must give place to Mr. HOLCROFT. Suppose such a thing possible in life; was it, therefore, to be dramatised? Could it please? Could it instruct? There is so much of horror, that it destroys every image of pleasure; and its natural deformity might excite disgust, but not pity.

We shall now proceed to another part of this composition—The Second Act passes almost wholly in NEWGATE, in which a bankrupt Gentleman is confined for not giving an account to his creditors of the manner in which he has disposed of ten thousand pounds. His honour obliges him to be close upon this subject. Why? Because he had given it to the brother of the very creditor (who confines him for this supposed fraud, and threatens to hang him for it), in order to liberate him from a foreign prison. Can any thing be more unnatural? Here again is the German School—superlative vice and superlative virtue—no matter which, so that it be extravagant. How could Mr. HOLCROFT think that THIS would please? Suppose a man were to invite his friend, as a choice treat, to visit, with him, all the prisons of the METROPOLIS, would he thank him for his offer? And yet, what we avert from with disgust in life will seldom please in stage representation. This is GERMAN with a vengeance.

After what we have said, it will be concluded that this Play met the fate it deserved. It was completely damned on the first night. The kindness of the Managers induced them to repeat it, when it yielded up its throat, almost without a struggle, to that most fatal and implacable of all enemies,—an EMPTY HOUSE.

FASHIONS

For DECEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—A Walking Dress.

Plain cambric muslin gown, a walking length; made high in the neck, with double plaited frills of fine India muslin; and long sleeves embroidered at the wrist. A Russian mantle without a seam, composed of pale fawn-coloured Kerseymere, trimmed either with Turkish ribband, fur, or swansdown; these mantles are made short or long, according to the taste of the wearer, and are composed of cloths, kerseymeres, or velvets; with two rows of narrow borders laid on the outsides, composed of shaded orange and yellow coloured silk or velvet, which produce the effect of gold bordering, and look extremely elegant; it has a square standing collar, and is made with sharp lappels; flows open before, and exhibits a *demi-waist*, or high front of the same, which sits close to the form, and meets the foil at the throat, where it is bordered to correspond with the mantle. A turban hat of the same material, with full yeoman crown, trimmed as the mantle. The hair in loose curls, confined with a narrow band. Large gold earrings of the hoop form; leather gloves; and high shoes of fawn-coloured jean.

No. 2.—Full Dress.

A round dress of soft white satin, Vandyked at the bottom in spots of morone foil. A *demi-robe* of Italian crape, sitting close to the form in front, and intermingling with the dress behind, commencing in a full drapery on the left shoulder, where it is confined at regular distances with small bands of pearl till it reaches the bottom of the dress on the opposite side, where it terminates. A wrap sleeve, formed of lace, to meet a full satin top; bound front of white satin, confined in the centre of the bosom with a diamond brooch; earrings, &c. to correspond. The bosom shaded with a lace tucker, the same as the trimming of the sleeves. The hair in plain bands on the forehead, with a few close curls in the centre, and others of a cork-screw form falling towards the left ear; a coronet comb of wrought gold, secures the hair behind, and partly confines a small half square of morone muslin, spotted with gold. Shoes of morone satin; gloves of French kid; fan of morone crape, with devices in gold.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3.—A Riding Dress.

A riding coat of fine broad cloth, the colour a dark lavender blossom; a high rolled collar, lappelled front, and deep cape *à-la pelerine*; a broad belt secured in front with a clasp of steel; a high ruff of double plaited muslin, sloped to a point at the bosom. *Chapeau* of amber-coloured velvet, band of the same formed in leaves. Hair in close curls; York tan gloves; high shoes of lavender-blossomed kid, tied with amber-coloured bows.

No. 4.—Evening Dress.

A spotted muslin round dress, a walking length, with a light border of needle-work at the bottom. A cambric petticoat with one row of open-hemming at the feet; long waist, plain in front, drawn back; and full sleeves, gathered into a band of needle-work, corresponding with the bottom of the dress, and terminated with a frill of narrow lace; a deep fall of lace with scolloped edge, put full round the neck; a short sash of pink ribband, simply tied behind. The cap *à-la-rustique*, formed of alternate waves of pink and white velvet, finished at the edge with a rolled band of the same; a full bunch of wild roses in front, inclining to the right side; and projecting over the eyebrow. The hair cropt close behind, and loosely curled in front; shoes of pink kid, with white trimming; Limerick, or York tan gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

NEVER was there a greater latitude given to novelty and fancy than that which the fashions for the present season afford. We select, for the benefit of our fair correspondents, such as are the most celebrated for style, beauty, and effect. As an out-door covering, the pelice must ever be considered as both comfortable and appropriate. The style of this habiliment has, however, undergone various alterations and improvements. The pelice *à-la-Cardinal* is entirely *nouvelle*. It is formed of twill sarsnet, kerseymere, or velvet; is put into a high collar, and continued full and unconfined, from the back, *à-la-negligée*; the front is also quite loose from the throat, and is tied down to the feet with bows of ribband of the same colour, and worn without any other ornament. There is a sort of graceful negligence in this habiliment which is attractive; but it certainly obscures the symmetry and beauty of the figure.

The Grecian wrap, of dark fawn-coloured velvet, is not so deficient; it is made with a deep falling collar; and flows open in front, discovering a chemisette of the same, which is fastened with a square clasp of studded steel; it is bordered all round with velvet in full reversed gathers, about three inches deep, or with a fur of the American squirrel, or leopard spot. The pelice of twill sarsnet, with simple wrap front, as described in our last Number, continues a reigning favourite; but the canonical scarf which is attached to it, is now sloped-in the form of a gour, and does not extend much below the knee. These scarfs are invariably trimmed with a Turkish ribband, the colour of the pelice, with fur, or with swansdown.

The Russian mantle, of fawn-coloured kerseymere, is also much esteemed; and on a tall slender figure, has a graceful and striking appearance.

The small poke, or mountain bonnet, composed of the same materials as the pelice, or mantle, stands unrivalled for neatness, simplicity, and elegance. The small velvet bonnet is again revived, and a new fancy hat; being a union of black chip and velvet, in checks or waves, is amidst the novelties of the season. In carriages we have observed the damask rose to embellish them; in the street, the long black veil is frequently seen, falling from the crown of a small hat, and shading the upper part of the figure; we do not think this by any means a consistent shade for the present damp season. The small kerseymere bonnet, turned up with a sharp point in front, which rests on the crown, and is bound and trimmed with a Turkish ribband, in purple and gold colour, has a most animated and stylish effect.

Coloured borders to represent natural flowers, on white crape, tiffany, muslin, or velvet, are amidst the most elegant embellishments for full dress. They are executed in painting, embroidery, or foil; we have seen one of convolvoluses, painted on Italian crape; as also an India muslin robe, with a border of violets, which exhibited a singularity of beauty, and a chastity of taste. The Spanish corset, with coloured chenille trimming, possesses much rural simplicity of style.

A costume most strikingly *nouvelle*, lately decorated one of our celebrated titled beauties; it was a round train dress of plain India muslin, round the bottom of which was a deep Vandyke of coquelicot kerseymere; a drapery of muslin similar to the dress, fell full from the left shoulder, crossed the figure in front, and was passed through a richly studded steel slide at the bottom of the dress, on the right side, where the drapery terminated. A Jockey cap of coquelicot kerseymere, thickly studded with small steel beads; a steel crescent in front of the forehead; above, waved two curled ostrich feathers.

There is little variation in the general style of costume since our last. The backs of dress gowns still continue very low, and scarce any shoulderstrap is to be seen. The round and square bosoms are equally prevalent, but the goured front of lace, over white satin, is very new and elegant. The short sleeve of lace, in folds, or the embroidered sleeve quite plain, is much in vogue, but if made of the same materials as the dress, they are generally worn high and full. Lace and work are introduced in various directions, both as a bordering and drapery. Morning dresses are usually worn high in the neck, and often embroidered at the edge, round the throat; they are either laced, or buttoned up the back.

The plaited erect ruff is a most becoming appendage, they are now attached to the shirt-neckerchief, which continues to hold its station in the sphere of taste and fashion The hair is still much compressed, but a few loose curls are introduced in various directions, relieving the too studied formality of the braids and bands. In full dress, the coronet comb and star are a splendid and consistent ornament. The tiara and diadem are less general than formerly; but the turban cap of fawn-coloured muslin, with large gold spots, and the bandeaus of foil, on coloured and white velvets, are making rapid advances. The helmet cap of silver frost-work, on velvet, shines amidst the elegant novelties which fashion offers at the shrine of taste and beauty.

The general style of the hair differs little from

our last communication, except that more of the forehead is exposed towards the left side. The cottage, and foundling cap, have nearly banished the mob, and are a most simple and becoming appendage to the morning costume.

We are enabled to add a few new and elegant articles to the description of trinkets given in our last Number. The small Maltese brooch, or cross of St. John of Jerusalem, in ivory and gold, suspended from a clustre of military trophies, is an interesting and novel ornament.—Small gold watches are generally worn outside. A diamond pin, composed of one large brilliant, from the stem of which, suspended on a small gold chain, hangs a heart and key of correspondent size; also the impenetrable chain, or necklace of gold, curiously linked together, with bracelets of the same, have been very recently introduced.

We are not yet permitted to mention the boquet as a general decoration; some few, however, have decked the bosoms of our most tasteful and distinguished females; and thus introduced, we trust they will become a prevailing, as they are an attractive ornament. Those we allude to, were composed of the damask rose, white heath, and miginonette.

Shoes are worn high for walking, either laced or tied; their colour black, fawn-colour, or cinnamon brown; for full dress, white satin, or kid.

The prevailing colours for the season are purple, fawn-colour, coquelicot, deep lavender-blossom, and morone.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER FIRST VISIT IN LONDON, TO HER FRIEND IN CORNWALL.

PRAY do not be angry with me, dearest Julia, for not fulfilling my promise of writing to you immediately on my arrival in this charming city. Could you but know how entirely every hour has been occupied, even from the very moment of my being housed at my uncle's, you would, I am sure, readily make for me that excuse which I now solicit. I am in such a chaos of delightful wonder at all I see and hear, that my letter will be but a desultory compound of disjointed matter.

I shall pass over briefly the kind reception with which I was welcomed by my good uncle and aunt, and hasten to tell you that cousin Mary is grown a very handsome, or what is here termed a very stylish elegant girl; and cousin John is the very pink of the *beau-monde*—with his short-waisted waistcoat, long-waisted small-cloaths, and cravat up to his ears.

But oh, my dear Julia! could you but see my cousin Mary's wardrobe! Positively I have not a gown I can wear! And, notwithstanding all the care my dear good mamma took that I should appear like other people, I literally am like nobody.

Mary amused herself for a full hour at the unpacking of my portmanteau, and display of its contents. "Why, dear Coz! here's actually enough in this gown to make an alderman's robe! Mercy on me! a double dimity petticoat! and, as I live, a thick lutestring pelice, that will stand alone! What sort of a figure, my dear soul, do you intend to exhibit? While all here is clad in mist, *à-la-Grecian*, you will step forth amongst us in your ponderous costume, like the ghost of my grandmother, and frighten us out of our wits!" Thus she ran on in good natured ridicule of my poor paraphernalia; and then, without giving me time to be mortified, she rang for her maid; and, in the same sportive humour, said, "Now, Jones, set your best inventions to work, and, quick as thought, transfer this immense article of my pretty cousin's, ycleped a gown! into a frock like that which came yesterday from Madame De Bruyn's; and remember, it must positively be finished by seven in the evening; and let Monsieur Videau be here by six."

"My dear," she added, turning to me, "your hair is as rude and uncultivated as the wilds of America."

I wont detain you with the grave remonstrances used by me on this occasion; nor tell you how severely my dear mamma frowned, in vision, as Jones slashed my new muslin piecemeal, to render it obedient to the reigning laws of taste and fashion. But this I must say, that viewing me at ten in the morning, with my little brown riding-habit, and small beaver hat with gold band; in the evening, at eight, you would not have known me, I "bore my honours so thick upon me." My frock was made with a short train, which I wore over a blush-coloured sarsnet slip; it was tied all the way up behind, with small bows of narrow white satin ribband. A drawn tucker of plain net lace attached to the front of the slip, met the bosom of the frock, which was rounded sharp at the corners, and edged with white beads. The shoulder-strap was so narrow, and the back so low, as to leave rather more of my person exposed than was consistent with my notions of delicacy; but fashion here, I find, is entirely despotic! My hair—oh! how it was compressed! The hind part, which you know is very long, was braided into four compartments, and brought from the nape of my neck round the temple on one side, and across the head on the other, where loose curls flowed be-

neath, to meet my eye brow. It was fastened with a steel comb behind; and on the adverse side of the braids, was a half wreath (very full) of Persian roses. I wore on my neck a gold elastic chain, fastened with a pearl brooch; ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. These were a present from my uncle. My shoes and gloves were of white kid.

With you, my dear friend, I use no disguise; and, therefore, will freely say, that I did not think it possible I could have looked so well. Cousin John complimented me much on my metamorphose; and tells me, that when I get rid of my *mouvaise-honte*, he shall *sport me* ('tis an odd term,) at the Opera.

You may expect, in all my letters, a description of all that is new and most elegant in female attire. My uncle and aunt, you know, are very rich; they keep the first company; and are both so immoderately fond of their daughter, as to indulge her in every fashionable accomplishment, and tasteful appendage; so that I shall be able to send you the first information. At present, I can only spare time to give you an account of my Cousin Mary's last superb dress, together with a few general hints; for the town is beginning to fill, and we have a dinner-party to-day, and go to Covent-Garden in the evening.

But, to this costume!—It is a robe of undressed crape, made to flow loose from the back, somewhat like the old *negligée* of our mothers. It is bordered all round with hearts-ease, in foil, at the edge of which is a most delicate silver fringe; from each shoulder, and round the back, where it is deepest, is an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace.

The under dress is formed of India muslin, interwoven with silver thread, in small checks; and the bosom, which is shaded with a simple fold of the same, is terminated with an amethist brooch at each corner. Her necklace and bracelets are of pearl, fastened with an amethist stud; her earrings to correspond; and the largest I ever saw, secured an armlet formed of plaited hair and gold, most beautifully executed. Her shoes were of white satin, her gloves of white kid, with the bracelet on the outside. Her hair was in braids round the temples; over which, and on the crown of the head, fell loose and glossy curls; and in the midst of these, in front, glittered the finest diamond star. In her bosom was a *bouquet*, formed of the damask rose, and double-blossomed myrtle. Mary is very handsome, and, with these tasteful auxiliaries, she looked like nothing mortal. You must lay by your straw hat entirely—they are both unseasonable, and unfashionable. Do not purchase velvet shoes, as you intended. Jean, kid, or satin, are those chosen by the *élégantes* of the metropolis.

I enclose you a pattern of my new pelice—it is of sarsnet, of the new cardinal form. My bonnet is of the same, made in a small poke, and is trimmed with the finest narrow swansdown.—Shawls are now too general to be held in genteel estimation; they are simply worn as an occasional wrap at the theatres, or in passing from the house to the carriage. The swansdown opera tippets are much worn in public; but the long tippet of dark fur, formerly so general, is now never seen on a female who has any pretensions to taste.

Adieu, dear Julia!—expect to hear again from me very soon; and, whether in London or Cornwall, believe me still

Your

ELIZA.

DESCRIPTION OF

THE GERMAN DANCE.

A Walz (*Walzer*) is a national dance of Suabia or Wurtemberg, in Germany, and a strict translation of the term would denote a *Roller*, which shews the nature of the dance that is as follows:—A lady and a gentleman, taking hold of each other in a certain graceful manner, turn about together, with a simple sort of a step, and thus pass up and down the room, either the one couple alone, or more couples one through another, in some regular order or figure, but without changing or quitting each other's partner. The movement is moderate; and the pleasing simplicity of the dance itself, as well as of the tunes to which it is danced, has rendered both of them very favourite throughout Germany. We shall therefore in some future Number, give a complete description of its step and other particulars. An original Walz, by Dr. Kollmann, is composed and given in the present Number.

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